

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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RELIEF FOR SUFFERERS IN OUR CIVIL WAR.

It is a standing shame to people in all regions, South and North, that many of the men who suffered loss of health or limbs by service in the late contending armies are allowed to suffer as much as many of them do for want of relief from those on either side whose battles they aided in fighting. It is truly mortifying to see disabled soldiers eking out a miserable existence by begging or organ-grinding, when so many light duties might furnish employ-

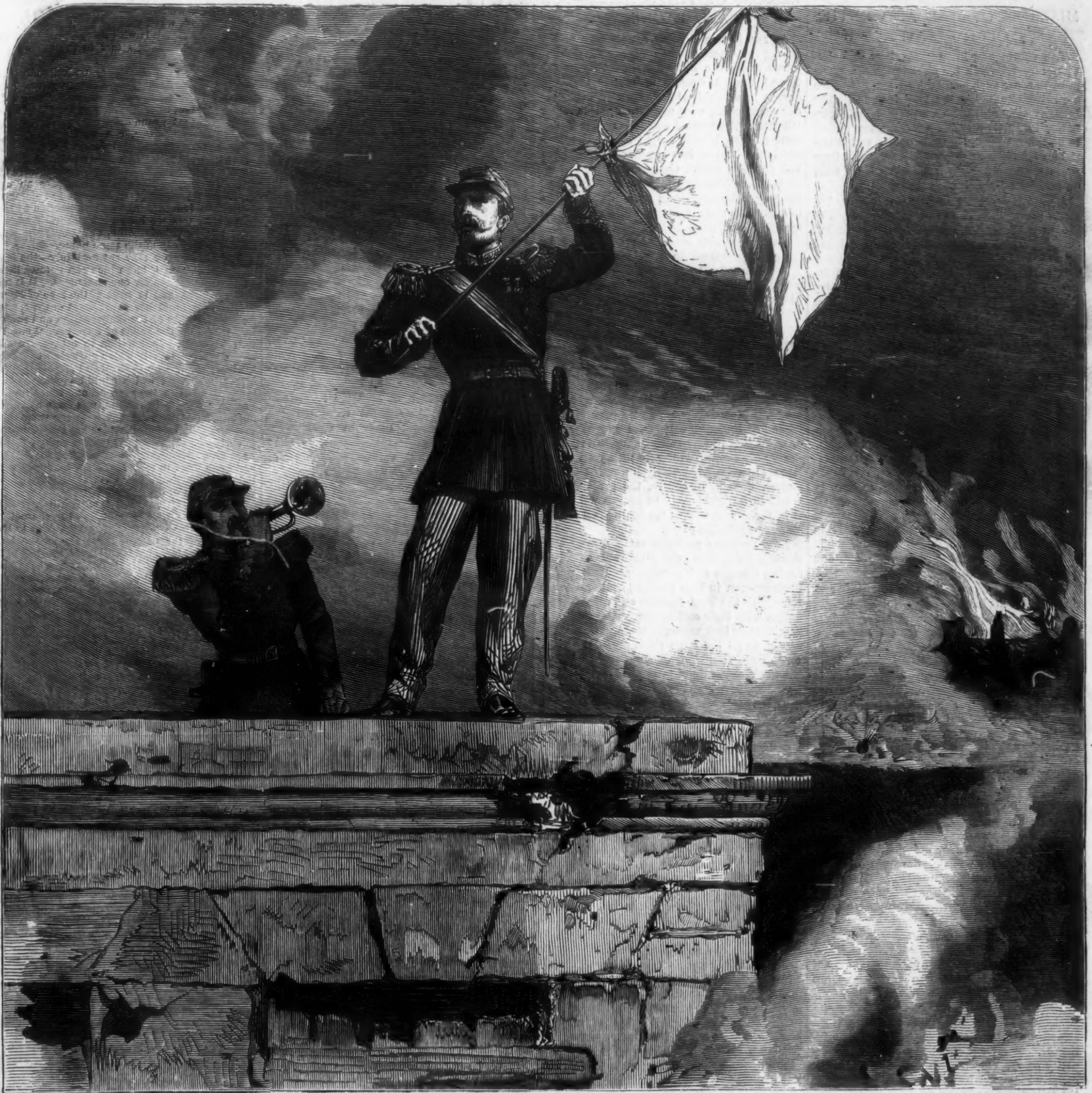
ment to sustain them and their families with the common necessities of life. People who sincerely favored either side should make immediate effort to atone for the neglect heretofore shown.

Unfortunately, some of the soldiers thus disabled do not conduct themselves as they ought to do, being rendered careless or desperate by the neglect they are suffering; but even they are deserving of some attention, for the sake of suffering wives or other dependent relatives.

We speak here in a strictly humanitarian sense, believing that disease and suffering, like

death, should disarm old hostilities or prejudices—or should at least arouse the feelings of people South and North in behalf of those who suffered on their respective sides. We are glad to see that the United States authorities are now again notifying persons disabled in the Union service that artificial limbs will be furnished, or commutation allowed therefor, at the rate of seventy-five dollars for a leg, and fifty dollars for an arm. Certain other injuries will also be allowed for. But the people are not absolved by this from the duty of attending further to the sufferers; and we earnestly hope

that humane persons everywhere, irrespective of the flags the sufferers fought under, will turn attention to the relief of those sufferers, by furnishing such light employment as may be suitable for aiding the maimed soldiers to sustain their suffering dependents. Had these soldiers fallen in battle, or in military hospitals, their graves would be strewn with flowers, in token of respect for their services, by people favorable to the cause for which they gave their lives. As those lives are prolonged, let not the mutilated or diseased survivors have further occasion to wish in their desperation



GENERAL LAURISTON ON THE RAMPARTS OF SEDAN, PREVIOUS TO THE SURRENDER OF McMAHON'S ARMY, HOLDING A FLAG OF TRUCE, AND WITH A TRUMPETER SOUNDING A NOTE OF PARLEY.—[From "Illustrated London News" of September 17.]—SEE PAGE 67.

that they had been killed in battle, rather than preserved for suffering under neglect and poverty.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN TEXAS. Owing to the disordered condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters. This notice only applies to Texas.

AN OUTLINE MAP OF THE CITY OF PARIS.

IN the next issue an outline map of the "View of the City of Paris," which accompanies this number of our journal, will be given. On the skeleton will be outlined plans of the principal buildings, boulevards, bridges, columns, places, etc., to which will be added an explanatory key. As a source of information it will be found during the progress of the siege invaluable. It will be so arranged that the inquirer will experience no difficulty in tracing the movements of the defenders and the besiegers of the great city.

MISERIES OF WAR AND DUTIES OF HUMANITY.

THE efforts now in progress, here and elsewhere, for relieving the sufferers in the European war, are such as might be expected from a country situated like the United States. The humane sympathies of our people are fortunately backed by sufficient pecuniary ability to bestow a large amount of money and material for alleviating the horrors inseparable from warfare, and especially from warfare on such an immense scale.

Among the prominent agencies in these humane movements is the American branch of the International Society for Relieving Wounded Soldiers. This international association, formed by a General Convention in Europe seven years ago, aims to extend to all nations, when involved in war, such benefits as our Sanitary Commission diffused among the sufferers on battle-fields and in hospitals during the late Rebellion. The American branch enters actively on its duties with the Rev. Dr. Bellows as President, General Howard Potter as Treasurer, and Charles L. Brace as Secretary—names guaranteeing good management. It asks for donations now in money, which it will impartially remit to proper authorities for distribution where relief is most wanted by soldiers suffering from wounds or sickness, whether they be French or German. General Potter is connected with the well-known banking-house of Brown Brothers, and to him, as Treasurer of this benevolent movement, all moneys may be directed, at No. 59 Wall street, New York. Should the war appear likely to continue for some time, donations of all kinds will be received and forwarded—of which, due notice will be given.

Our French fellow-citizens are collecting and remitting considerable sums to France, in which they are assisted by people of various nationalities among us, though not to such an extent as they ought to be—probably from their not being thoroughly organized. More vigorous efforts on their part would undoubtedly secure large additional contributions. People of all nationalities may in this way express their sympathies for the "French Republic" in a tangible form, though, aside from all political or partisan considerations, sympathy with suffering humanity ought to be a sufficient moving cause. Among contributions received in France, a donation of twenty thousand francs (\$4,000) is credited to Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York.

The Germans among us, greatly exceeding the French in number, are making proportionate efforts for relieving the sufferers in the war begun against the Fatherland. Many victories have brought hosts of sick and wounded, among other French prisoners, under German control, in addition to the immense number of sufferers among the German forces. Hence, in sending donations to Germany, the sick and wounded Frenchmen experience a full share of relief, as the invalid French prisoners are treated carefully as though they were Germans. The organization lately made by the National German Convention, at Chicago, has already more than one hundred and fifty auxiliaries. The large number and general prosperity of the Germans in America are being happily indicated by the extent and success of the collections made and remitted for relieving the miseries of war.

Let none of these efforts be abated. On the

contrary, they should be largely increased by wider organization and more efficient action. The immensity of the slaughter and mutilation—the extent of sickness and privation—can be but faintly conceived by people who have not paid particular attention to the details already given, though even those details fall far short of the horrid realities. Though freed from invasion, Germany is bleeding and suffering to an unprecedented extent, considering the shortness of the war as yet, for the slaughter of a single battle in this Franco-German contest surpasses all the losses during the whole seven years of the American Revolution. And besides this, Germany, as before stated, has to take care of all the French sick and wounded prisoners. A large part of France, overrun by armies of unprecedented size, has had its products consumed by military operations, and the peasantry, in multitudes, are suffering more or less of the horrors of starvation. Even if peace shall be concluded quickly, there is necessity for continued action in sending relief to the sufferers in both countries, for the damage suffered by Germany—nearly her whole arms-bearing population being drawn from their homes and business to repel French attack—is scarcely less than that suffered by the aggressive nation. The afflicted in both countries, therefore—in Germany as well as in France—require, and should for a good while, even though peace be quickly restored, receive liberal assistance from all humanely-disposed people among us, irrespective of all national distinctions. Let the committees work on steadily, and Heaven bless their efforts!

LESSONS OF THE SUMMER—FOR ALL REGIONS.

AS ICE is now deemed a necessary of life among the American people, especially in large towns and cities, attention should be quickly turned toward sources of supply that will always be available at little cost. The poor in our great cities, even more than people rather "better off," require immediate reform in this matter. The lessons taught during the long-continued heat of last summer should not be lost on the public. Competition must be encouraged. Monopolists who have outraged the people by exorbitant demands should be taught that their tyranny will no longer be tamely borne.

New companies should be encouraged by popular agreement to buy ice from them at reasonable rates, in preference to dealing with land-sharks, who charge extortionately on people suffering under excessive heat. The ice trade is one of the very last wherein monopoly might have been feared, as Nature furnishes the article for only the cost of gathering it. The fact that avarice shows its too-greedy spirit in this business is one of the strongest evidences of the proneness of monopolizing speculators to "forget right when feeling might." Now is the time to hasten arrangements, so that new companies may be formed or strengthened for securing abundant supplies during the coming winter for next year. Every large town is particularly interested in this matter, though, of course, the greatest need exists in large cities. The poor as well as the rich, the sick as well as the healthy, all require abundant supplies of ice.

New York has probably suffered more than any other city from extortionate charges for ice during the late trying summer. Enterprising business-men in New England States, who are refreshing the East Indians and other remote people with their cooling cargoes, should compassionately look nearer home, and ship abundantly to all the large cities along the coast. New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark—the whole two-million population surrounding New York harbor—may claim special attention, from the great extent of their necessities. The ease of loading and unloading along our waterfronts, and the certainty of large and increasing demands, offer inducements which some enterprising capitalists should immediately utilize; and people must be tame-spirited indeed if they don't quickly and steadily encourage such efforts. Fortunes may be made by persons who will supply the public with ice at half or one-third the price extorted (especially in New York and Brooklyn) during the late summer.

While on this subject, it is worthy of notice that our most southerly city is declaring its independence of ice-monopolists in a practical way.

The people of New Orleans are properly encouraging the manufactory recently established there for supplying that sunny region with home-made ice. It is creditable to the manufacturers that they have supplied that city with good ice at half the price wrung from people around New York during the late torrid summer. Science, and common sense, and moderate capital, have thus opportunely combined to show how people even in hot regions can readily free themselves from extortion in the cost of an article so necessary among persons in all stations, and at all seasons.

We congratulate the public on the fact that

New York is not far behind New Orleans in providing for manufacturing ice, since existing companies will not furnish the natural article at reasonable price. A new organization, called the "United States Ice and Refrigerating Company," is now putting itself in proper order for making large quantities of ice (by steam power!) at the Morgan Ironworks. It is guaranteed that, by their process, a twenty-five horse-power engine will daily produce thirteen tons of ice—the quantity, of course, increasable as wanted, by enlarging the steam-power. People interested in the subject—and who are not?—may now see in actual operation an ice machine, worked by a three horse-power engine, which makes enough to supply a good-sized hotel with abundance of ice at all seasons, so that landlords, "and all the rest of mankind," may soon snap their fingers at monopolists, who try to extort too large prices for the article furnished by Jack Frost in the natural way.

IMPROVEMENT OF NATURAL RESOURCES IN A CHEAP WAY.

ANYTHING contributing to the plentiful supply of good food for the population of the earth—available cheaply wherever water runs—must rank among the foremost improvements claiming attention from people everywhere. This truth is pithily expressed in the old proverb, ranking that man as a public benefactor "who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before." What, then, shall be said about inventions, and those who practically apply them, for increasing the comfort of the masses of population in all lands, by stocking lakes and rivers with myriads of fine fish where few or none of the kind ever swam before? How can we over-estimate the value of such an addition to human comfort as may be derived from the increased supply of that excellent food, which may be "cultivated" in illimitable quantities wherever lakes and rivers are found all over the globe?

Having already alluded to the efforts which the Fishery Commissioners in several States are making, as well as to the work already performed in the same line by governments and individuals in France and England, we may now refer particularly to a new device adopted by the New York State Fishery Commissioners for popularizing the business of Fish-Culture, by enabling millions to witness the process among the curiosities in one of the pleasantest public resorts—the Central Park of New York—where people from all parts of the Union, and of the world, may see the simplicity of the mode whereby the great object may be easily and cheaply effected in other places, on the largest scale. The New York State Commissioners (ex-Governor Seymour, George G. Cooper of Rochester, and Robert B. Roosevelt of New York) have obtained leave from our City Park Department to utilize the waters of the Central Park, by establishing Fish-Nurseries therein—improvements alike interesting and useful, wherein Seth Green, of fish-culturing celebrity, will be the practical operator. In this way this new branch of the useful arts may be illustrated after a fashion that will cause multitudes of visitors from all parts of the country, as well as our own citizens (for "everybody visits the Central Park.") to think of what they never carefully thought of before—namely, the ease and success with which lakes, ponds, rivers and brooks may be "peopled" by myriads of the finny tribes in the best varieties for human food. All this may be done for trifling cost, while adding greatly to the attractions of the Park, and furnishing an example that must be effective in promoting the general introduction of fish-culture as a regular paying business in all parts of the land.

Cities that have now or are preparing to construct suitable parks—and no park is fully worthy of the name which has not some aquatic features—may here receive hints that will stimulate the introduction of fish-culture, "for sport or profit," among the attractions of their respective rural retreats. Thus may business be combined with pleasure in a way that will render such parks worth all they cost, in a national utilitarian view, while increasing the attractions of such parks for visitors young and old—as no visitors are above or below the ages when curiosity can be excited by such interesting exhibitions.

It is not to be doubted that the Fishery Commissioners in other States, and the Park Departments in other cities, will speedily follow suite in the pleasant and useful project now about to be introduced at the New York Central Park.

TALKING OUT IN MEETING.—During the debate in the Woman Suffrage Convention in Boston on the 29th ult., Mr. Stephen S. Foster took occasion to declare that he would not go to the polls except with his wife as his equal upon his arm; whereupon Mrs. Livermore spiritedly retorted that she did not believe in any voter

staying away from the polls in a crisis, and if she were his wife he would stay away under difficulties.

If anything is needed to complete one's feelings of mingled contempt and pity for the puppets of royalty, it is that recent telegram which states that "Eugenie had taken a house at Hastings, and had received no notice from Victoria or the royal family." These arrogant "grace of God" people seem to be wanting in the ordinary feelings of human nature. Why, there is not an Irish woman in down-trodden Erin, or a peasant in sterile Scotland, who would not tell a stranger that they were sorry his barn had burnt down, that he pitted the wife and child whose husband and father was a prisoner. But Victoria—who has more reason to fear that she may be a fugitive than Eugenie had three months ago, who personally has not half the kind feelings of her people that the French feel for Eugenie—she cannot send a kind word, far less offer hospitality, to one whom she styled "sister," almost yesterday. If this is the feeling engendered in the breasts of those on the throne, what must be the moral condition of those sitting in its shadow?

MARIE SEEBACH AS "GRETCHEN" AND "MARIE STUART."

IT is very seldom indeed that the critic has a subject, either in Art or Literature, of which it would be difficult for him to write a single disparaging word or utter any qualification of blame. During the past thirty years in which we have wielded, more or less indifferently, the critical scalpel, we can remember honestly, no more than one or two instances, with which we have found ourselves so agreeably situated, when we sat down to write.

Consequently, it is with no common pleasure that we chronicle this fact in the present instance.

Mademoiselle Seebach is undoubtedly the greatest dramatic actress we have received from the Old World—male or female—with the solitary exception of Rachel. Nor, varying as she does from that grand actress in the range and quality of her power, can we conscientiously class her as one whit inferior. We do not name the fine actresses we have paid the tribute of our admiration to, who are undoubtedly inferior to her. Such a task is always an ungrateful one. Suffice it, that she has stamped her name indelibly in our recollection by the two characters we have seen her in—*Gretchen* in the "Faust" of Goethe, and *Marie Stuart* in Schiller's tragedy of the same name.

Possibly—or we may say certainly—the first of these dramas is one which can possess little positive attraction for our audiences. It is too metaphysical, and in spite of the love of *Faust* for *Gretchen*, and her subsequent despair, possesses too little of the daily passion and suffering which in the hands of a true artist constitute Tragedy. In addition to this, there are two characters in it which outweigh or ought to outweigh *Gretchen*—*Faust* and *Mephistopheles*. Nevertheless, all which could be by any possibility done with the graceful and touching figure sketched in by Goethe, was done by Marie Seebach, and it stood out from the stage canvas, as a delicious head, which has been touched in by the hand of a master upon a canvas which he had designed, but whose principal figures had been filled in after his death, by pupils who followed his lines, but were unable to realize the intention of his genius.

In the "Marie Stuart" of Schiller, this is widely different. The plot and the characters do not serve as the mere hand-maidens to the thoughts of the poet, but are the local points from which his thoughts spring. Here, the high histrionic genius of Mademoiselle Seebach had fair play. From the very commencement we felt that we listened to a great interpreter of the poet. We felt with the dethroned Scottish Queen whose grace and beauty made so many of her devoted adherents forget the scandal and bloody shame connected with her. Then, our feeling grew, until in the Third Act we were lapped in and carried away by the whirlwind of struggling passion and changing emotion traced out for her, by the pen of the German master. The scene in this Act with *Elizabeth* was wonderfully real and terrible. Had the *Elizabeth* been measured tragically within some few inches of the height of her rival, it would have been a scene not to be equaled on the modern stage. As it was, *Marie Stuart* stood out alone. We remember Rachel in the same scene. She was as superb as Seebach in her rendering, and yet how widely different! It must be some thirty years since when we first saw her in it, and we remember it as we then saw her, to this day. She had more dignity in the portion of the Act before *Elizabeth*, enters the stage, but less of that unchained feeling of delight in nature which contrasts so admirably with the subsequent tempest of passion which is awakened in Seebach's *Marie Stuart*, by the presence of the Maiden Queen who holds her a captive. But in the latter portion of the scene when she reproaches *Elizabeth*, Rachel became grander than woman. Her denunciation of her rival was lightning-like and withering. We could never have believed it might be equaled. Nor has it been until the present time, when the womanly intensity of the German actress's wrath strikes to the fall as forcibly as the leonine rage of the great French actress. As for Ristori, fine as she was, we measure her with neither of these. She was but a fine artist. Rachel possessed, and Seebach possesses undoubted histrionic genius of the highest order.

We are not disposed to catalogue the points—so theatrical people call them—made by the artist, throughout the piece. To do so, would

be useless. But it will be interesting to our readers to know that her face, without being beautiful, is refined and full of nobility, while her voice is tender and mellow, with a degree of power rarely to be found united with such deep sensibility.

Of her support we can also speak generally in favorable terms, but we are obliged to call Madame Veneta's attention to the fact that her Elizabeth needs a great deal of careful making up to obliterate her good looks. Elizabeth was at this period by no means in her first youth, nor was she ever considered—save by her courtiers—as passably handsome. Of course, to sacrifice her appearance is somewhat trying to any woman. But Ristori did it, in her own play of Elizabeth throughout, and we humbly counsel this lady to do the same thing, if in a smaller degree. She will undoubtedly have chances, during Seebach's engagements, to look her best. In conclusion, let us say, that no lover of the highest class of the drama should omit seeing the noble actress whose name heads this article. If we could go in hundreds of thousands to see the legs of the "Black Crook" and hear the indecency of the Opera Bouffe, let us at least show that we can also admire the higher class of Dramatic Art sufficiently to crowd the little Theatre in Fourteenth street, when such an artist as Marie Seebach appears upon its boards.

MEDICAL FACTS AND FICTIONS.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

SUNLIGHT NECESSARY TO HEALTH.

The world has just found out that the sun is not only the great source of light and heat, and the giver of life to all vegetable creation, but also of health to man himself. Disease and pestilence are created and nurtured in the darkness of forests, in the shade of the trees which keep the cottage damp and dark, in the interior bed-rooms, where its glorious health-bearing beams never reach.

As potatoes throw out their long, spindling, sickly shoots in the shaded depths of the cellar, so children grow rickety, and scrofulous, and consumptive; as fruits and vegetables mold and rot in dark, shut-up bins and closets, so man decays, grows rheumatic, and dyspeptic, and cadaverous, shut up in dingy counting-rooms, in cellar work-shops, and lodging-rooms.

The green, silmy pool on which but a feeble sun shines, in its insalubrious obscurity develops intermittent and bilious fevers; and the moss-embowered cottage, whose umbrageous dress hangs over it so picturesquely, glistening like the embracing folds of a crushing green serpent, or the foul-breathed, destructive anaconda, is the chosen home of typhus, and more relentless consumption.

The sun is health, and disease flies before its presence. Open wide your portals for its beneficent presence. Bring your sick into the influence of its beams. Let its rays enter every sick-room. Away with your curtains and blinds, and let the king of glory enter with healing on his wings. The sun-cure is worth all the water-cures, and earth-cures, and all the pathies united.

THE SICK TOO FREQUENTLY STARVED.

Not feeding the sick is often a fault that has fatal results. It is an error in treatment handed down from past days, when disease was considered as an enemy to be beaten out of a citadel—the body—and it was supposed that all food put into the citadel was seized upon by the enemy, who was thereby strengthened. Nowadays we look upon disease more as rioters, in disaffection because suffering perhaps from overwork, or bad treatment, or improper care or food. By supplying this need, the revolt ceases, and the patient is well.

Many children who demand food upon which to continue to grow are starved to death by diet. More especially the old are often dieted to death. No matter how sick an old person is, he must have food, or he will die.

It is poor satisfaction for a doctor—and far less for the patient—to cure the disease, and then for the sufferer to die of exhaustion; and yet this frequently occurs.

Women after childbirth are most commonly given nothing to eat for three or more days, and this, too, after excessive loss, fatigue, and prostration! They thereby contract diseases, and fall into a debilitated condition, from which they sometimes never recover.

Judicious nutrition must be kept up to a far greater degree than is generally allowed by physicians.

FOOD PROPER IN HEALTH MAY BE THE OPPOSITE IN DISEASE.

Some persons have a foolish idea that because tomatoes and blackberries are considered healthy, and strawberries and raspberries pleasant and comparatively simple, that, therefore, they can be eaten at all times. If you should suggest to one of these that walking was very conducive to health, he would doubtless agree with that opinion. If, then, you advised him to get out of his sick bed and take a good long walk, he would say it was absurd, impossible; that walking was good, but only for well persons.

But my advising him to take a healthy walk when sick abed is no more absurd than for him to eat healthy fruit and vegetables when he is sick. Many persons eat both tomatoes and blackberries when their stomachs are disordered, and they suffering with diarrhea or dysentery. No fruits or vegetables (except sometimes peaches and dates) that I know of are proper food with such maladies.

CREDULITY IN THE ALLEGED VIRTUES OF A "CAUL."

Among the absurd and ridiculous credulities which in a degree remain as relics of the igno-

rant superstitions of barbarous ages, even to the present day, is the belief in the virtues of what is known as a "caul."

It may be perhaps considered that only the ignorant, the simple, found in the lower classes only, have any faith in such absurd notions. But credulity is not, unfortunately, a matter of education; at least it has no relationship with a knowledge of books, or language, or chemistry, or geology, or mathematics, or any form of ordinary mental intelligence. The wisest and best of men are apt to be the most easily imposed upon. They have so much faith in their knowledge of certain things, that they never think they can possibly be ignorant of anything. They seem to forget, that, know as much as they may, there are whole worlds of knowledge of which they have never heard the first idea. It was the wisest and best men of this and the Eastern continent that believed in the efficacy of Perkins's tractors as curative agents; and the greatest quackery of the present day has for its supporters and most faithful adherents the most erudite divines, the sharpest judges and lawyers, the poets, and painters, and fancy thinkers of this country; but it never has touched the common people—the men of solid thought and plain judging people anywhere.

I allude to this because I chanced to know as a fact that the greatest Hebrew scholar and critic, the finest English orator, a man who had a half-dozen languages at his tongue's end, a fine conversationalist, a distinguished historical writer and scholar, a student of varied attainments, and a delightful man, who had lived in many countries, and one who would be supposed to have considerable reason and thought—that this individual came to this country safely under the protection of a "caul;" that he sent it back again as an aegis to his family, who followed him, and repeatedly lent it to friends crossing and recrossing the ocean.

In the *Herald* of a week or so back was an advertisement of a "caul" possessing "first-class properties."

The dictionary says that a "caul" is "a membrane covering the intestines; a net for the hair." I will endeavor to describe it more correctly.

For the many months of intra-uterine life, the future child is contained in a membranous bag, completely surrounding it, and filled with fluid, and thus it is protected from the liability to injury by any accidental blow or fall, or shock of any violent kind. At birth this membrane is rent, the waters escape, and the child passes through this opening. Occasionally this laceration, which is generally but a simple slit through, in any irregular and disregarded direction, is made in a circle, and the circular piece, cut out and equally around the head of the infant, remains till the birth is completed, covering the mouth, eyes, nose, and sometimes the whole head, in such a manner as to entirely obstruct the entrance of air into the lungs of the newborn. This circular piece of simple membrane must then necessarily be removed by the accoucheur. This piece is then kept, dried, or put in spirit—and this is nothing more and nothing less than a "caul." Such occurrences are frequent, and are quite disregarded by attendants on confinements of the present day, yet this bit of amnion, as the membrane is anatomically named, is often sold by the charlatan to the credulous at a high price.

Its virtues are alleged to be to protect the possessor from danger, from perils by land and sea, and generally to bring him good luck. Fortunate people are said to have been "born with a caul." The thinking may judge of the probabilities of any such, or, indeed, of any virtues being derivable from such an unseemly piece of dried and decaying parchment.

FINE ARTS.

REPRESENTATIVE FINANCIAL AND BUSINESS MEN.

UNDER this name the Messrs. Gurney have now on exhibition a remarkably fine gallery of life-size crayon portraits, which promise to be a great attraction to their gallery in Fifth avenue during the coming winter. The following are the names of this selection from the financial and business circles of New York: Wm. H. Aspinwall, James Brown, Stewart Brown, August Belmont, S. B. Cliftenden, Geo. S. Coe, John J. Cisco, Henry Clews, H. B. Claffin, P. C. Calhoun, Wm. Butler Duncan, Moses H. Grinnell, E. S. Jaffray, Shepherd Knapp, J. F. D. Lanier, Wm. H. Macy, Wm. H. Nelson, Wm. I. Peake, Fred. Schuchardt, John A. Stewart, Henry G. Stebbins, Moses Taylor, Jacob D. Vermilye, Fred. S. Winston. Among these we may specially mention the portraits of Mr. Cisco, Moses H. Grinnell, Shepherd Knapp, and Moses Taylor, as superb examples of photographic portraiture in crayon. As an interesting gallery to the younger workers in finance and commerce in this city, we believe this gallery will prove almost invaluable—the more especially as it is the first time upon which so many of the portraits of our leading bankers and commercial magnates have been collected in any single exhibition.

THE SURRENDER OF SEDAN.

For the splendid engraving on the first page of this issue of our journal we are indebted to the *Illustrated London News*. Toward the close of the battle of Sedan—fought Thursday, September 1st—the soldiers of MacMahon, with the Emperor Napoleon in their midst, were driven defeated and demoralized behind the walls of the city, and into which, with terrible effect, the Prussians, from their splendid guns, poured, without a moment's pause, shot and shell, sweeping the streets of everything human, firing houses, and destroying statues and bridges, and many other cherished works of industry and of art. In the midst of this terrible fire, General Lauriston, holding a flag of

truce in his hands, and attended by a trumpeter, stood upon the gate of the fortified wall, and while explosive missiles dropped at his feet or swept past him, whistling in the air, in an unmoved voice he ordered his attendant to sound a note of parley. The Prussians nearest the walls heard the notes of the bugle, and the King being informed of it, immediately ordered his artillerymen to suspend their fire. At five o'clock it was made known that Lauriston was instructed to offer terms of surrender. A few hours later, an army of brave men, who had been led into battle by generals incapable of fighting their enemy, found themselves prisoners of war.

BOOK NOTICES.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE FALL OF WOLSEY TO THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA. Vols. XI and XII. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. M.A. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

These two volumes, just issued, complete the work and the design of the author, which was to describe the transition from "the England of a dominant church and monasteries and pilgrimages with which the century opened into the England of progressive intelligence." It therefore not improperly concludes with the destruction of the Spanish Armada—an event which settled forever the question as to a reconciliation with Rome.

LIGHTHOUSES AND LIGHTSHIPS. By W. H. D. ADAMS. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

A descriptive and historical account of the principal lighthouses on the coasts of Great Britain and France, with more than sixty illustrations. The aim of the work is to afford, in a popular and concise form, full information with regard to lighthouses as they were with the ancients, and as they are now constructed with the aid of modern science. It will be found not the least valuable of the popular series to which it belongs—Scribner's Illustrated Library of Wonders.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROS.: "Indiana," by George Sand; and "Camors," by Octave Feuillet.

From FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co.: "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

From BIBLE BROTHERS: "Franco-Prussian War," with map and portraits.

From VIRTUE & YORSTON: Late numbers of "The Art Journal," with the usual variety of engravings on steel and wood.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Cattle in the Bois de Boulogne.

The Bois de Boulogne presents a very different aspect from that which, not a month ago, charmed the Continental visitor to Paris, with its thousand and one beauties, natural and artificial, its cascades, lakes, delightful walks, shaded by noble trees, and flowers of every hue. Those beauties are all gone. They have given place to the stern realities of war. The wood is used to graze the cattle destined to supply the inhabitants of Paris with meat, now that all other avenues of supply are closed by the line of circumvallation which the Prussians have established around the city.

General Trochu Reviewing the Volunteers and Garde Mobile, Paris.

This indefatigable man—the idol of his countrymen, the future Dictator of France—works day and night, inciting by his example every soldier in the garrison, from the general to the private, to a noble emulation. Trochu has neglected no means within his power of making the men under his command as efficient a military body as possible within the short time since he took his post. There have been nothing but marching and countermarching, reviewing and drilling, every day; and the effect of all this discipline is visible in the looks and appearance of the troops.

The Garde Mobile of Strasbourg Attack Prussian Soldiers.

Innumerable skirmishes have taken place around Strasbourg and Metz, between the beleaguered garrison, on the one hand, and the Prussian Uhlans and sharpshooters, in which the French generally gained the advantage, from the reason that they are protected by the cannons of the ramparts. A sortie was recently made from Strasbourg to dislodge a body of Prussian sharpshooters who had effected a lodgment in the Cemetery of St. Helene, whence they inflicted great injury, picking off the men at the cannon, who were without the power of returning their fire with any effect. The French succeeded in driving the enemy out, after a severe hand-to-hand contest which lasted perhaps an hour. These sorties were much encouraged by the commandant, General Ulrich, as both weakening the enemy and keeping up the spirit of the troops. But, Strasbourg is no longer defended by French troops.

Subscription to the National Loan, Paris.

The scene which we illustrate in the "Foreign Spirit" occurred under the walls of the Bureau of Finance, and is a touching instance of the patriotic devotion of the excitable but noble-hearted Parisians to their country. Especially is this true of the lower classes—mechanics, laborers, farmers, gardeners, etc.—who, no sooner was it announced that a national loan would be taken up at the office of M. Magne, Minister of Finance, than they responded with alacrity to the call, and besieged the office in such numbers that the business had to be postponed to the following day, and many of them bundled themselves up as well as possible under the walls and passed the whole night in that manner, until the gates were opened the next morning at an early hour, when they eagerly went up to the desk, and signed their names opposite certain amounts, according to their means. The whole loan amounted to 750,000,000 francs, and was collected in a few days. The rapidity with which this loan was collected, and the noble response of all classes of society, are in marked contrast with the difficulties which Bismarck met in collecting a sum only one-third as large. With similar ardor displayed in the defense of the city, the Prussians will have but small hope of ever entering the capital of France victorious.

The Trial of the First Spy in Paris.

A correspondent, writing on the 22d ult., gives the following interesting particulars of the first Prussian spy detected in prosecuting his mission, who was convicted and sentenced. "At twelve o'clock the prisoner was escorted by gens d'armes and soldiers, and introduced before the court, which was composed of seven officers belonging to different branches of the service. The prisoner stated that his name was Karl Hardt, that he was a native of Brandenburg, and a Lieutenant in the Fifty-fourth Regiment, forming a portion of the Third Prussian Corps d'Armee. The prisoner is a tall, handsome young man, small in frame, but of an intelligent appearance. He spoke French fluently, with a slight German accent. He is a man evidently belonging to the higher class of society, and justified the president's allusion to his dis-

tinguished manners. He preserved throughout the proceedings the self-possession which he has manifested since his arrest. The prosecution produced no witnesses, the only evidence against the prisoner being a revolver, a quantity of cartridges, a portfolio, a railway indicator, a carte-de-visite and a porte-monnaie, which were found upon his person when he was arrested. The principal documents from the military authorities report that the prisoner acknowledged to the commissary of police of Glen, who arrested him, that he had sent two letters to Berlin describing the state of public feeling in France, and giving data of the conformation of the bank of the Loire, and the peculiarities of the road leading from Bourges to Paris." His execution took place on the following day, the prisoner manifesting the same coolness and composure which he had shown since his capture.

Expulsion from Paris of the Useless and Dangerous Classes.

A measure was recently carried out in Paris, which has been severely commented upon. This was the arrest and transportation outside the city gates of the demi-monde, and a number of suspected persons whom popular suspicion pointed out as spies. The object of this apparently harsh action was to rid the city of a number of useless mouths, and at the same time give a healthy moral tone to the city. As for the persons suspected of Prussian sympathies, it was the wisest course to pursue in regard to them, although they are in a very deplorable state. Had they remained in the city they would have fared badly at the hands of the excited multitude.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BERLIZ's "Requiem" is to be performed during the season at Leipzig.

MR. J. L. TOOLE is enjoying a popular and prosperous expedition in Ireland.

VERDI gets \$30,000 from the Egyptian Viceroy for his new opera, "Aida."

CASPER RUMMER, a well-known composer for the flute, is dead, at Cologne.

SWINBURNE is writing a drama, "Bothwell," in which Queen Elizabeth is the principal figure.

OFFENBACH's last opera, "Trombeleazer," has a sneezing song which makes a sensation of the play.

THE Arion Society, of New York, is making arrangements for a grand concert in aid of its relief fund.

Two new dramas by Mr. Watts Phillips are in the hands of the management of the Queen's Theatre, London.

Mlle. MINNIE HAUCK has commenced in Vienna a seven months' engagement as Zerlina in "Don Juan."

MR. GEORGE L. FOX presents his new pantomime, "Wee Willie Winkle," at the Olympic Theatre, October 5th.

EDWIN FORREST commenced an engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, last week, opening with "Richellen."

EDWIN BOOTH commences an engagement at DeBar's Opera House, St. Louis, during Fair week, and will remain two weeks.

"MAN AND WIFE," at Daily's Fifth Avenue Theatre, has met with a success that warrants its continuance for several weeks yet.

THE proceeds of the concert given at the Academy of Music, New York, for the benefit of the French Patriotic Fund, amounted to \$2,315.

THERE is a probability that the splendid opera company engaged by Signor Muzio in Italy for Paris will be brought to New York this winter.

It is the intention of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg to appear soon in a course of musical entertainments, assisted by a corps of favorite singers.

THE excellence of Mr. Jefferson's representation of Rip Van Winkle is so well established, that Booth's Theatre continues to be crowded every night.

On Monday morning the grand requiem mass of Cherubini was celebrated over the remains of the late Louis M. Gottschalk, at St. Stephen's Church, New York.

THE German Opera Troupe at the Stadt Theatre, New York city, of which we have spoken, continues its performances on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

THE famous Peace Jubilee organ, having been purchased by the congregation of Dr. Talmadge's church, Brooklyn, N. Y., was tested last week in a very attractive concert.

SIGNOR MABELLINI's new opera, "Fiammetta," which was recently performed in Milan, has been received with much favor not only by the public, but by the musical critics of Italy.

On the 10th Fanny Janauschek appears for the first time in an English performance, at the Academy of Music, New York. She will be assisted by Messrs. Mark Smith and F. W. Robinson.

SANDY SPENCER has obtained a lease of the property hitherto known as the New York Theatre, and, after certain improvements and alterations have been made, it is to be opened as a Variety Hall.

It is a curious fact that very many of the greatest composers are—or have been—childless. For instance, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Corelli, Pergolesi, Rossini, and in our own time, Auber, Schumann, and Wagner.

On Friday evening last, a benefit was tendered to Mrs. James A. Gates, at the Olympic, when, in addition to "Le Petit Faust," an adaptation of Offenbach's "Prima Donna for a Night" was presented.

THE "Babies of the Period" has served to fill the auditorium of Kelly & Leon's new minstrel hall nightly, and will consequently occupy a prominent part of the evening's entertainment for some time to come.

Mlle. PAULINE LUCCA has been lucky enough to receive the finest floral gift ever presented to a prima donna. It is a bouquet three feet in diameter, which was presented by three Russian noblemen representing a St. Petersburg club.

THE Hereford (England) Musical Festival, or, rather, the 14th Annual Festival of the Three Choirs, commenced at the Cathedral, in Hereford, on Tuesday, August 23d. The oratorio of "Elijah" was the first work produced, and the performance, upon the whole, was a successful one.

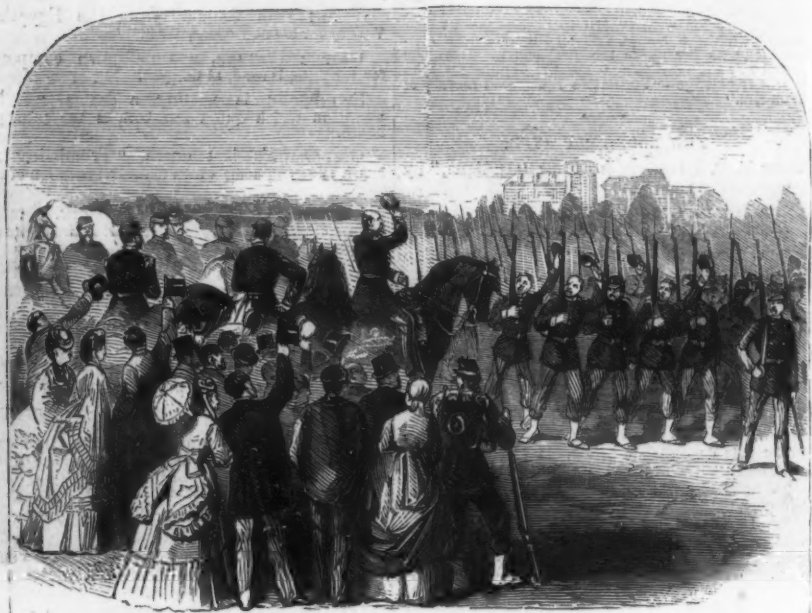
A FINE dramatic entertainment will be given at the armory of the Seventy-first Regiment N.G.S.N.Y. on the 8th, for a charitable object. "The Hunchback" will be produced, and the character of Julia sustained by a young and beautiful widow, who bears an excellent reputation as an amateur artist.

LINA EDWIN's new theatre on Broadway, owing to the excellence of the performances, and the high reputation of the artists engaged, has become a very popular place of amusement. On Monday, an entirely new piece, founded on "Barnaby Rudge," was brought out, with the jolly Stuart Robson in the cast.

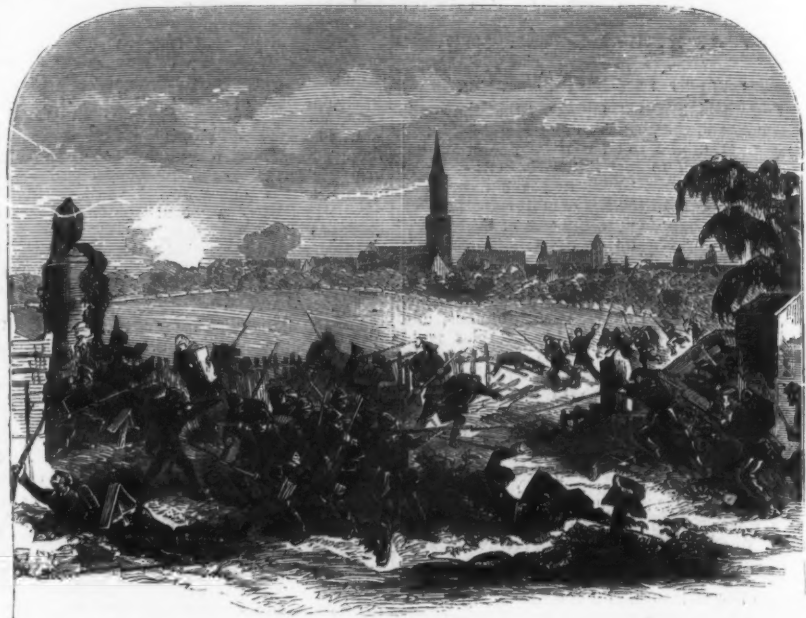
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 67.



FRANCE.—ARRIVAL IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE OF CATTLE FOR THE SUSTENANCE OF PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.



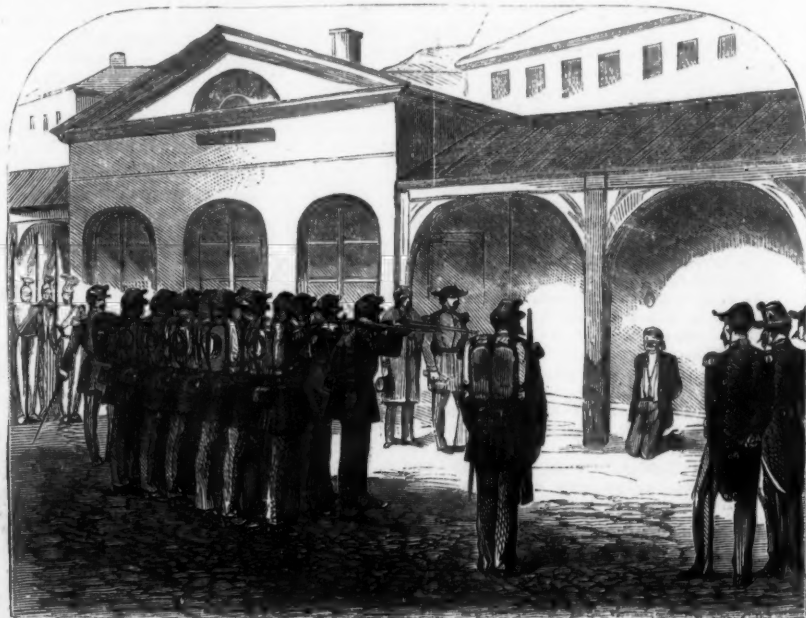
FRANCE.—GENERAL TROCHU, GOVERNOR OF PARIS, REVIEWING THE GARDE MOBILE OF THE SEINE.



FRANCE.—THE GARDE MOBILE OF STRASBOURG ATTACK A BODY OF PRUSSIAN IN THE CEMETERY OF ST. HELENE.



FRANCE.—THE WORKINGMEN OF PARIS AWAITING THE OPENING OF THE GATE OF THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE, THAT THEY MAY SUBSCRIBE TO THE NATIONAL LOAN.



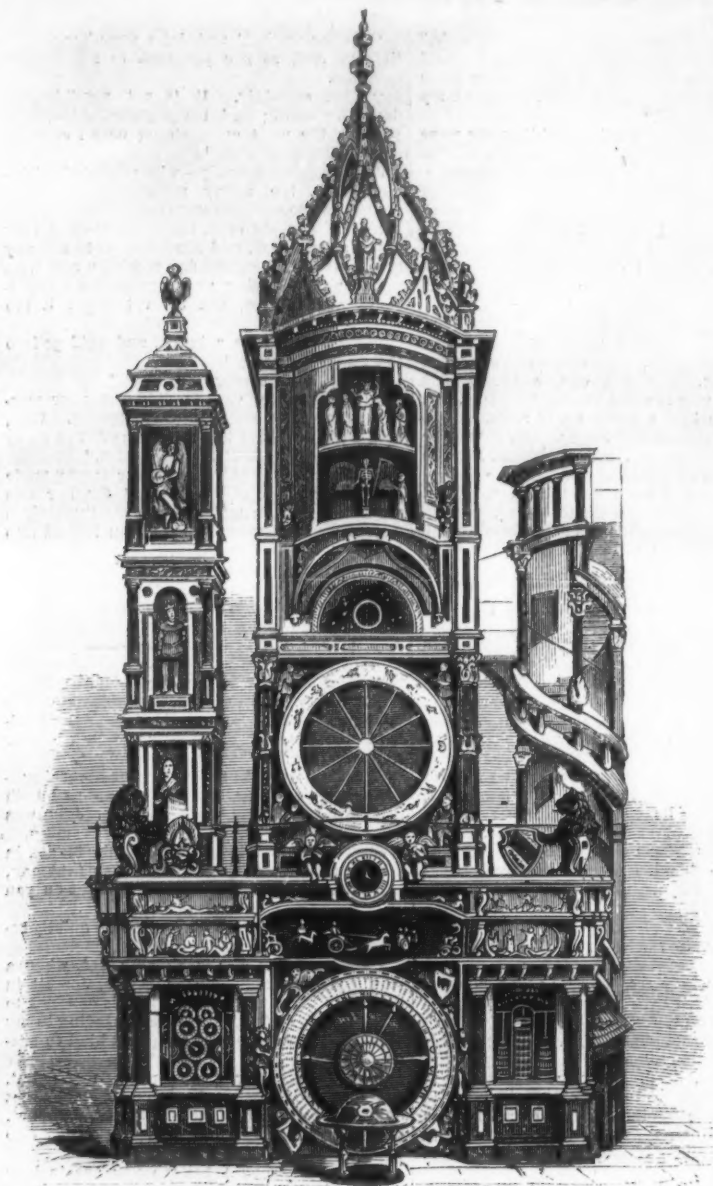
FRANCE.—THE EXECUTION AT PARIS OF HARDT, CONDEMNED TO DEATH AS A PRUSSIAN SPY BY A COUNCIL OF WAR.



FRANCE.—THE ARREST AND EXPULSION FROM PARIS OF THE DANGEROUS AND USELESS CLASSES.



FRANCE.—THE REMOVAL FROM PARIS OF UNFORTUNATE WOMEN BY ORDER OF THE POLICE.



FRANCE.—THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK IN THE CATHEDRAL OF STRASBOURG.

THE CITY OF STRASBOURG—ITS CATHEDRAL AND CLOCK.

THE persistent bombardment of Strasbourg by the Prussians, which was continued to within a few hours of its surrender in the evening of Wednesday, September 28th, was attended with very disastrous consequences to the besieged in the loss of much of the habitable part of the city, and to France in the destruction of ancient monuments, statues, and other works of art, by shells thrown into it. The cathedral has suffered much from the fire of the enemy. We present a view of a part of the town as seen on the night of the 24th of August, when the steeple and houses adjoining were in flames. A part of the cathedral spire—the tallest, we believe, in Europe—has been destroyed; and, at one time, it was reported that the famous astronomical clock, the wonder of the world, was ruined. The inhabitants, it is asserted, were reduced to great distress for want of the necessities of life, and were, from the commencement of the siege, compelled to live in cellars or burrow in the earth, so as to be out of the reach of the shot, shell, and torpedoes which filled the air, seething and hissing like fiery serpents, bringing death and destruction wherever they fell. A shell, it is stated, about ten days previous to the surrender, dropped in a church among a number of women and children, and bursting, killed three young girls and seriously injured many others. The scene in the beleaguered city at night, as seen from the Prussian lines of assault, was grand and awful, even beyond description. It is faithfully reproduced, in part, in the engraving. The subjoined dispatch, telegraphed to a daily paper of this city, announcing the surrender, says it was unconditional. "The commander of the Prussians, in his report, says Strasbourg surrendered to him (General Werder) with 17,000 men (including National Guards) and 451 officers. At eight o'clock on the morning of September 27th the gates were occupied by German troops. It is reported that the inhabitants, driven to desperation, succeeded, on the 26th of September, in hoisting the white flag on the cathedral, but Ulrich ordered it to be removed. Afterward he was compelled to surrender by the pressure of the citizens and garrison. The victory is regarded as a triumph of the Baden troops."

The great horological wonder of France, and, indeed, of Europe, is the astronomical clock placed in the interior of the cathedral. This piece of mechanism was constructed about the year 1370. It represents the motions of the globe, the sun, and the moon, in their regular circuit. The day of the week, the circle of the sun, the year of the world and of Our Lord, the equinoctials, the leap year, the movable feasts and the dominical letter, were all clearly exhibited by this clock. The eclipses of the sun and moon, and the weekly motions of the planets, were also displayed. Thus, on Sunday

the sun is drawn about in his chariot, and so drawn into another place that, before he is quite hidden, you had Monday—that is, the moon appeared full, and the horses of the chariot of Mars emerged—and the scene was thus varied on every day of the week. There was also a dial for the minutes of the hour, so that you could see every minute pass. Two images of children appeared on each side, one with a sceptre counting the hours. The motions of the planets, the moon's rising and falling, and several other astronomical movements, were exhibited in this clock. Death and Christ were also personified; and at the top of the tower was an excellent chime, which played various tunes, and, says an old German chronicle,

"at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, they sounded a thanksgiving unto Christ; and when this chime has done, the cock which stands on the top of the tower, on the north side of the main work, having stretched out his neck, shakes his comb and claps his wings twice, and this he does so shrilly and naturally as would make any man wonder." This celebrated clock was constructed by Dasselpodius and Wolkensteinus, two famous working mathematicians of the time.

THE HON. EDWARD J. ROYE, PRESIDENT OF LIBERIA, W. A.

THE fifth President of the Republic of Liberia,



THE HON. E. J. ROYE, PRESIDENT OF THE LIBERIAN REPUBLIC.



FRANCE.—STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL AND NEIGHBORING BUILDINGS IN FLAMES.

West Africa, Hon Edward J. Roye, was inaugurated on Monday, January 3, 1870, at Monrovia.

President Roye was born in Newark, Licking County, O., February 3, 1815, his father, John Roye, being a native of Kentucky, but a pure descendant of one of the oldest African tribes—the Eboe. He died in 1829, and left his son Edward, in addition to some personal property, 640 acres of land and a few town lots in and near Vandalla, Ill.

Among the few colored children admitted to the schools of Ohio at that period was the subject of this sketch. His thirst for knowledge soon became apparent, and he made such rapid progress in his elementary studies, that he was admitted into the High School, after quite a brief period. During the time that young Roye attended this institution, it was taught by Mr. Chase, the present Chief-Justice of the United States.

Having succeeded in the necessary preparatory studies, he entered the University at Athens, O., in the spring of 1832, where he spent three years, leaving at the close of the fall term of 1835.

After leaving the University, Mr. Roye taught school for a few years in the city of Chillicothe. With that provident forecast and prudence with which his life has been marked, he saved money enough to enable him to enter upon business.

In 1840, the leaders of the colored people began to discuss their condition, and to hold conventions for the purpose of adopting measures for their elevation. Mr. Roye, whose education and refinement made him unpleasantly sensitive to the burdens and deprivations of his race, attended these conventions to learn if anything could possibly be done for his people in the United States; but he soon became satisfied that the remedial measures proposed were partial and defective, and must be powerless to effect their purpose as long as the negro remained in this country. He saw that the prejudices of race, the competition of labor, and the rivalry of a superior wealth and education, would never accord him an equal chance in the United States. He accordingly made up his mind to emigrate to Hayti; but, while residing at Oberlin, whither he had gone to study the French language, to prepare for his residence in his new home, he changed his mind, and concluded to go to Liberia.

On the 2d of May, 1846, he embarked in New York for Liberia, reaching his destination June 7th. On his arrival at Monrovia, being much pleased with the appearance of things, and the encouraging prospects for the future, he concluded to make Africa his home.

Mr. Roye has filled various positions of influence and usefulness in the Republic of Liberia. In 1849 he was Speaker of the House of Representatives, and he served as Chief-Justice from the beginning of 1865 to the beginning of 1868. He has been a candidate three times for the Presidency, as leader of the True Whig party,

and has always received large majorities in his own country.

His administration is looked forward to with great hopes by the masses of the people. Prominent among his most ardent supporters is Ex-President Warner. His policy is progressive. Among the measures which he proposes to carry out, are a complete financial reconstruction, a general education of the masses, an improved system of roads for interior communication, and alliances with powerful nations.

For the efficient execution of his plans, it is proposed to add to the existing executive officer a Secretary of the Interior and a Secretary of Education.

For several weeks President Royce has been in this country, looking after the interests of the young Republic.

A part of his mission was, if possible, to secure a vessel from the United States authorities for use in Liberian waters, for the protection of the coast, and the collection of the revenue. He succeeded in obtaining the steamer *Rescue*, for which bonds are to be filed to the amount of \$11,000, after which the vessel will be forwarded to Liberia. The *Rescue* is ninety-two feet long, eighteen feet beam, and her capacity 111 tons. She was purchased nine years ago by the United States, and is a staunch and seaworthy vessel. President Royce is well pleased with his treatment wherever he has gone, and hopes to make Liberia such a place as will draw ship-loads of his race to it. As soon as he finishes his business in New York, connected with the improvement of Liberia's communication with her interior, he will sail for England, and from there to his own country, in time to be present at the opening of the Liberian Congress.

LILY BELL.

BY STEPHEN MASSETT.

Fairest lily of the valley,
Fairest flow'et of the vale,
Fairer than when sunbeams dally
Round the primrose, meek and pale—
She was fresh as May's first blossom,
And her sweetness none can tell;
Gentle as the summer's breathing
Was the voice of Lily Bell!

Light upon the grassy meadow,
Light amid the flowers of Spring,
Light as Morning's early shadow,
When the flowers their incense bring,
Was her gentle footstep gliding
Mid the flowers she loved so well—
Flowers that mirror'd back the beauty
On the cheek of Lily Bell!

Fading was my own sweet blossom,
Fading are earth's hopes away,
Faded my heart in earth's cold bosom
Till again I hear her say:
"Come away from earth to heaven,
With the angels there to dwell!"
Hushed is now the heavenly music
Of the voice of Lily Bell!

TAMING THE BEAR.

"For mercy's sake, Fred, is there no other subject you can converse upon? nothing else that can suit your peculiar tastes but woman? I have listened to your balderdash until I am everlastingly disgusted with the feminine gender. I had made up my mind to accompany you home, and spend the summer fishing, gunning, and recruiting generally; but you have talked so much about your sisters and cousins, that I know just how it will be. We shall not be able to take a particle of comfort by ourselves. If we fish, we shall be compelled to get out bait, and bait hooks for a parcel of women, take off their fish, and be bothered to death. If we want a day's sport in the woods, why, then, the young ladies must be of the party; and then, what with their terror at our guns, and the time consumed in unhitching crinolines from stone walls, twigs, and so forth, I respectfully beg to know where we shall find our enjoyment?"

"Why, bless your dear soul, baiting hooks and unhitching crinolines would be enough fun for any ordinary man. I am quite sure it would be for me. But seriously, John, if you will do me the honor to accompany me home, I will pledge you my word that you shall not be troubled with ladies' society against your inclination. You shall go and come, and be as free as you are in New York. Come, now, what do you say?"

"Just as if one could bluff off a parcel of women! I know 'em better than that."
"But I am well acquainted enough with my sisters to know that they will never intrude themselves where they see one desires to be exclusive. So take my word that you will not be annoyed."

"Well, well, we will see about it," and John Henderson leaned himself back in his chair, and puffed away lazily at his cigar, occasionally stopping to admire the rings of smoke which curled around his handsome head.

Now, John Henderson was a lover of everything beautiful in nature and art—an enthusiast, a dreamer; and I doubt if he ever built an air-castle (and I know it was an inveterate habit of his) without having for its presiding genius an ideal lady, whom he had dreamed about ever since his boyhood, but had never seen embodied. And at the age of twenty-six he had abandoned all thought of ever realizing his visions, and, believing himself a victim to a disordered imagination, had sworn the whole sex, determined to put an end to every future fancy.

His friend and chum, Fred Carrington, was an easy, large-hearted fellow, to whom the society of ladies was indispensable. In manner he possessed an inconsiderable amount of the *suaviter in modo*, and was a general favorite among the fair sex. He was very much at-

tached to his companion, but John's dislike and unappreciation of the ladies puzzled him exceedingly. It was a phase which he could not comprehend, and had been the subject of many an hour's reflection. At last he had come to the conclusion that John had been disappointed; and this view of the case suited him far better than any other; for under such circumstances there was abundant excuse for him.

Fred wrote a long letter to his sisters, Belle and Fanny, and finished up in this way: "Now, girls, I shall be home next Thursday, and I bring with me John Henderson, the gentleman of whom you have heard me speak so often. I know, of course, that you will do all in your power to make his visit agreeable; but the danger with John is, doing too much. He must feel perfectly domesticated, and in order to secure that freedom, he must be left to himself, and to his own way of procuring amusement. Picnics and sailing parties won't go down with him at all. And then another thing, girls; he does not care for ladies' society. I do not believe he would take the trouble to rise from his chair to behold royalty, if, indeed, royalty wore petticoats. So make up your minds that he does not desire to be petted, caressed, flattered, or entertained."

This was rather forcible hydropathy for Fred's sisters, and they read the letter over several times before they perfectly comprehended its entire significance.

Belle tossed her head on one side, and pouted. Fanny laughed heartily. This was the difference in these two girls. Belle invariably scolded when things went wrong. Fanny was never known to sulk, but her merry laugh rang out on all occasions, much to her sister's annoyance generally. They were both lovely, so far as the external went; both light complexions, clear and dazzling; hair light-brown, with just enough of the gold tinge about it to make it charming; eyes blue, with long brown lashes, which swept the cheeks like a veil. Belle's nose was just the least bit in the world *retroussé*, and her face not so beautifully oval as her sister's. They were about the same size, rather petite, but perfectly graceful.

"I don't see what you can find to laugh about in this letter of Fred's. I am sure I think he is right down impertinent to invite such a man home with him. He'll get a piece of my mind. What is there to laugh at?" continued she, petulantly, as Fanny kept on shaking.

"Why, the idea of having such a bear quartered upon us for the whole summer is enough to tickle one into spasms. Oh, Belle! I tell you there will be rare sport! Now let me show you how we must proceed."

The two pretty heads were placed suspiciously near, and an ordinary observer would have known that there was extensive mischief plotting against some one's peace.

So Fred and his friend started for New Hampshire—glorious New Hampshire—with its mountains and hills, and beautiful rivers; its sturdy, intelligent sons, and its lovely daughters—and John drank in the beauties by the way, as only an earnest, appreciative soul can understand. John had never visited New England, and had often accused his chum of "pretty tall blowing" when he would often speak in terms of unmeasured praise in regard to its scenery, and the unparalleled beauty of his native State; but John was quite enthusiastic enough now, and Fred's good-natured face fairly sparkled with delight. The homestead had been described so often, that John knew when he came to it; and so, ready for a cordial welcome, they entered the house. Father and mother were there, with hearts overflowing with love and good cheer. But where were the girls? was Fred's first question—for, notwithstanding the caution contained in his letter, he was nevertheless extremely anxious that they should make a good first impression; and to tell the truth, Fred hadn't fairly given up all hopes of seeing him some day subdued, and he knew that John's mood was *now* impressive, if ever.

"The girls have gone up into the woods after wild-flowers. I thought you would be here, but I reckon they didn't expect you until evening."

The tea-table was spread, and the weary travelers sat down to a repast—which was entirely New England, from the snowy bread and luscious strawberries, to the rich yellow pound-cake so temptingly arrayed in the glistening basket. John thought he had never tasted anything quite so nice—and John was rather epicurean in his tastes.

They had been sitting at the table but a few moments, when in bounded the maidens, flushed with health and exercise. After embracing their brother, they were introduced to Mr. Henderson, who cordially welcomed them; but although strictly polite, they seemed suddenly to have congealed when in conversation with him. Fred was annoyed, and, after his friend had retired, remarked that he did not wish his letter interpreted so literally; and would they not try to be a little more entertaining? But Belle declared she would not place herself in a position to be snubbed; and Fanny laughingly desired to know how he dared to quarter such a bear upon them for so long a period? and assured him that, while they should be scrupulously careful to give him no cause for offense, yet, as there was "of course" no congeniality between their guest and themselves, there could be no feeling of neglect on his part. Words were useless, and Fred found that the state of affairs would have been very much better if he had never written a line to them in regard to John's peculiarities, and, more provoked with himself than he had ever been before, saw his lively, graceful, and intelligent sisters draw around them a veil of impenetrable reserve, and answer poor John's questions in monosyllables.

They fished till they were tired, then changed the scene, and went gunning for a few days, while the young ladies enjoyed themselves at picnics, moonlight rides and sails, and never once alluded to their intention of so doing.

"Where are you going to-day, Fanny?"

asked Fred, one morning after breakfast, as he saw extensive preparations making for something.

"To Black Rock, to spend the whole day. Oh, Fred, it is perfectly beautiful up there."

"Your conduct is extremely singular, girls," replied Fred, in a sad tone. "I think I would not have been induced to have come home at all had I only known how indifferent my sisters had become."

"Now, Fred," and a pair of white arms were thrown around the young gentleman's neck—"now Fred, it is you that are unreasonable. Did you not distinctly state in your letter that picnics were not to be thought of, or any similar entertainment? In fact, we were to let the bachelor alone; and haven't we done so beautifully? Why, Fred, I don't see how you can find a word of fault with our treatment. It was just according to orders."

"Confound that stupid letter. I wish I had never written it!" and Fred sat down with a troubled expression, and reflected what had best be done. The fact was, a young lady friend of his was to make one of this party, and it seemed to him a great act of self-denial to remain at home, or what was worse, spend the day fishing or gunning, when his heart led him so strongly in an opposite direction.

"It is too bad," continued the tease, archly, "that you cannot go with us to-day, particularly as Mary accompanies us; but, brother, I'll tell you just what I will do. You excuse yourself for this one day, and, just to please you, I will put one side my resolution, and exert myself for the bear's entertainment. What do you say, Fred?"

Now, it so happened that the gentleman alluded to in such complimentary terms was quietly smoking on the piazza, and in close proximity to the open window—and, as a matter of course, not a word was lost on him. Now everything was explained. That the young ladies had been acting a part, he was almost certain before; but now there was no mistaking the part, and biting his lips to keep from laughing aloud, he walked off into the field with a quick step. Fred soon followed, but he scarcely knew how to introduce the subject; and John, seeing his friend's embarrassment, kindly relieved him.

"What's up to-day, Fred?"

"Anything you please, John," suddenly determining not to run the risk of offending his friend.

"No; but where are the girls going?"

"To a picnic, I believe."

"Weren't you always in the habit of attending these petticoat affairs when at home?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Well, now, Fred, I have a proposition to make. You just go to-day, and make yourself useful with the females, and I will have a good rest. Upon my word, what with fishing and climbing and gunning, I am pretty nearly played out."

"But won't you be lonely here by yourself?"

If Fred could have seen the merry twinkle of his chum's eye, he would have been confident that fun was at the bottom of all this. As it was, he accepted the proposal, and John and Fanny stood on the piazza and watched the carriage depart—John with an indescribable something around the corners of his mouth, and Fanny blushing scarlet, and wondering what she should do first, for there had been so much ceremony and reticence observed in their acquaintance, that it was a difficult task to break the ice. But Fanny knew that, the first step taken, the rest would be comparatively easy; so, advancing a few steps nearer, she said, pleasantly:

"So, Mr. Henderson, it seems that you and I are the only ones left at home to-day."

"Yes, Miss Fanny; but why did you not accompany the party?"

"Because I preferred remaining at home, sir."

"Indeed. What for?" and there was a very perceptible tease in John's voice which did not escape the acute young lady by his side; but Fanny was equal to a banter any time, and looking into his face, demurely replied, without changing countenance:

"Why, to entertain you, of course."

John had hardly expected so blunt an answer, but evidently concluded to try it again, for a half-amused expression flitted over his face as he asked:

"Well, how do you propose to do it? Shall we go fishing or gunning?"

"Neither, Mr. Henderson; but I will get my sewing, and you shall help me bring some rockers to the piazza, and then you shall read to me while I work. After dinner we will have some music, and then I will read to you; and I think we can have a nice day."

"But you forget that bears are not usually literary."

Fanny knew that he must have overheard one or more of their private conversations, and wondering which it was, replied:

"I am delighted, Mr. Henderson, that you accept your cognomen so good-naturedly. Upon my word, I think it is very appropriate."

"No doubt. You would probably never have christened me with it had you not thought so."

"But, then, it does not make much difference to a bear what a woman thinks, so there's no harm done, Mr. Henderson."

"Not the slightest. But what am I to read from? Come, let's get at it."

The chairs were brought out, placed conveniently near, a volume of Shakespeare selected, and John, who was a splendid reader, commenced "Hamlet," while Fanny, delighted, dropped her work in her lap, and leaned her head back, drinking in the pleasant voice, and appreciating to the utmost the fine rendition and elocution.

After dinner, Fanny, true to her promise, played and sang, and at his request read some selections from Tenbyson; and this afternoon passed so quickly that, when tea was announced, John looked at his watch in surprise.

"Why, where has the day flown, Miss Fanny?"

Fanny, Yankee-like, answered the question by asking another:

"Haven't we had a nice time, Mr. Henderson? I like this better than all the picnics in creation."

"Do you really?" and John gave her a scrutinizing look as she prepared to answer the question.

"Why, certainly. It is not possible you doubt my word; and I really think, too, that you are the most entertaining bear I ever became acquainted with."

John laughed heartily—who could help it?—and when the merry party returned, they found the two chatting gayly; and Fred scarcely could believe his eyes, but John seemed very much at his ease, and Fred forbore to ask any questions as to how the day had been spent.

The next morning Fred proposed an excursion on the river, but John thought it too warm.

"Well, then, take a lunch, and we'll go into the woods for game."

"Most too warm for that, Fred."

"It strikes me very forcibly that your mercury must have risen since yesterday. Why, man alive, this day is not near as hot as many another we have spent on the water."

"The fact is, Fred, your sister Fanny made me promise to finish 'Hamlet' for her this afternoon. Bruin and she enjoyed themselves exceedingly yesterday," and John looked into his friend's eyes quizzically.

So matters progressed. John lost all relish for solitude, and he and Fanny read and sang and walked, and were as friendly and familiar as though no cloud had dimmed their first acquaintance; and Fred had the perfect satisfaction of visiting whenever and wherever he chose, for Fanny was now the chief attraction. So it was that the self-styled woman-hater was metamorphosed. Belle scolded at Fanny's evident devotion, but Fanny was too far gone for such treatment to have the least effect.

The girls were in their room one morning—John in his, sitting by the window—and both looked out upon the beautiful lawn. John was smoking and thinking; the girls conversing.

Says Belle: "I think it dreadfully foolish in you to devote so much precious time to that man, who will never bestow another thought on you after the good-byes are said."

"How do you know that, Belle?" quietly responded her sister.

"My common sense teaches me that, when a man has so openly avowed his sentiments in regard to woman, he must wish his conduct to be distinctly understood; and, according to my views, it is madness of the rankest kind to misconstrue them."

"All right, sister mine; perhaps so; but, nevertheless, I have vanity enough to think that John Henderson, Esq., does not dislike me, but, on the contrary, thinks as much of me as I do of him, and that is no little."

"Upon my word I believe you are in love with the bear!" and Belle's voice had a tinge of sarcasm in it which she did not care to conceal.

"Well, perhaps I am. Love must come to me somehow, and I think I could accept it as gracefully from John Henderson as from any other source."

"Fanny, I am ashamed of you."

"Are you, dear? When I come to be ashamed of myself, then perhaps I can sympathize with him. But good-by—I have promised John to ride horseback." And without another word Fanny donned her riding-habit, and was off.

John assisted her into the saddle, then mounted, and they soon cantered out of sight. Both seemed to be lost in thought, and very few words were exchanged. Finally, Fanny rallied and said:

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Henderson."

"Worth more than that, Fanny. They were of you."

Fanny blushed and trembled. She hardly knew why, but there was a something in his tone—an unusual tenderness, which was as delicious as it was new.

"I was reviewing my past life, Fanny, and thinking how terribly foolish I have been to deny myself ladies' society, as I have always done; but perhaps it is all for the best, for who knows but I might have become infatuated with some fair one, and thus lost the opportunity of your acquaintance? I have experienced more real pleasure since I came to New Hampshire than ever before during my life."

"I am glad to know that you have enjoyed yourself with us," responded Fanny, faintly.

"But what am I to do when I return to New York? How shall I ever be able to exist without you, my dear?"

The horses walked along slowly, and John took her little hand in his.

"Exist as you did before you came to New Hampshire. Now that your love for ladies' society is developed, you can form acquaintances, and surely there can be no *enmi* then."

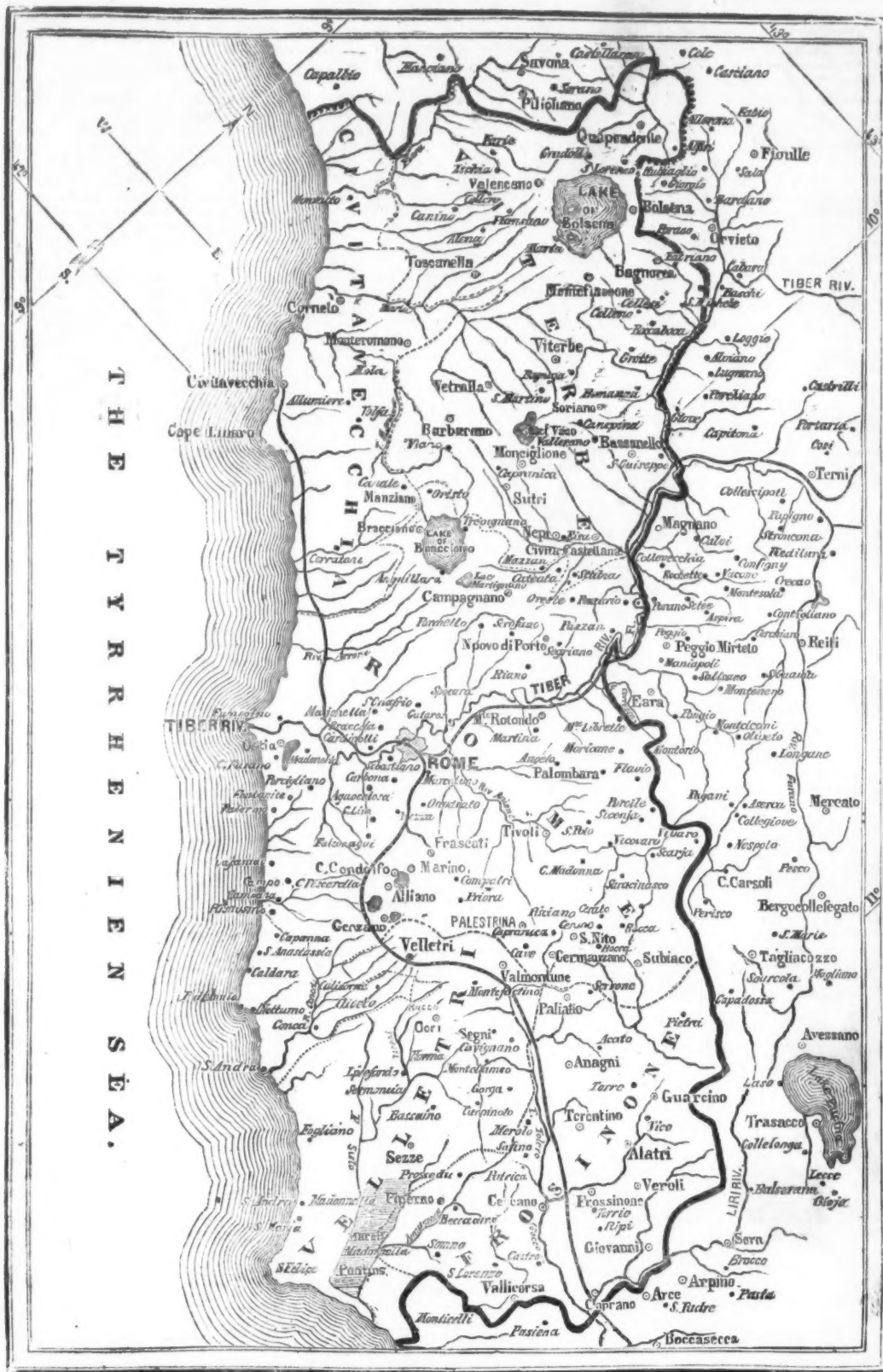
"But, Fanny, I really think I am in love."

"We shall be late to tea, Mr. Henderson, unless we hurry," and Fanny reined her pony into a canter, but John countermanded the order.

"I will tell you what I purpose doing, Fanny, if you have no objections, and that is, returning in the spring, and transplanting you to New York as my wife. What do you think of the arrangement?" and John looked wistfully into her eyes.

"Admirable!" and Fanny touched the pony with her whip, and left the young gentleman in the rear. But it was arranged somehow—for now Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson occupy a fine house in Unmentionable Avenue, Brooklyn.

The people of Enfield, N. H., not satisfied with the result of the labors of the census-takers, which only gave them a population of 1,062, had the work done over again. The new returns showed an increase of 93.



A MAP DEFINING THE BOUNDARIES OF THE PAPAL STATES, PREVIOUS TO THEIR SURRENDER TO THE ITALIAN ARMY.

THE ETERNAL CITY.

A FEW days subsequent to the withdrawal of the French troops from the fortifications of Rome, where they had been placed to guard and defend them from their lawful owners, the subjects of Victor Emmanuel, urged by their political necessities, insisted that the Government should, without unnecessary delay, order a division of the army into the Papal States, and make the Eternal City once again the capital of Italy. For reasons which were supposed prudent, the King hesitated to comply with the demands of his people, and it is quite probable he would have remained quiet, had he not seen that "delays were dangerous"—that, if he did not march at the head, he would be forced to follow in the wake of the nation. This fact Victor Emmanuel communicated in an apologetic note to the Pope, in which he declared that if he did not make himself master of Rome, the people of Italy would substitute for his government a republic—a thing which he believed as intolerable to his Holiness as to himself. General Cardona was entrusted with a *corps d'armée*, and ordered to proceed to the Papal capital, and reduce it by artillery if it did not surrender on demand. Passing over many interesting episodes which have already been published in the daily newspapers, we come at once to the entry of the Italian army into Rome on the 20th of September. On the summons to surrender, the Papal army declined opening the gates, and Cardona, to compel obedience to his wishes, ordered up two heavy field-pieces, with which he commenced throwing ball and bomb into the city, and particularly against the wall near Porta Pia. General Ferrero also opened with his artillery near Porto Popolo, and General Angelini made breaches in the lines of the fortifications near St. Giovanni and St. Lorenzo. The precision of the firing was declared "marvelous," and soon brought the Papal Zouaves to terms. The Pope assenting, the gates were thrown open, the Zouaves capitulated, and the Italians

at once marched into the city. The progress of General Cardona and his brigades as they passed through the streets of the ancient capital, and entered one of the grand squares, which our engraving illustrates, is thus described by an eye-witness:

"In the morning General Cardona and his staff entered the city by the Porta Pia. He was followed by the Thirteenth Division. The reception given to him and his army was splendid. The streets were as full as they possibly could be, and the lancers had the greatest difficulty in proceeding. The balconies bent under the weight of so many people. To one looking down the Corso, the very houses seemed to move, for the banners and the thousands of waving handkerchiefs hid every inch of wall and roof from sight. The soldiers seemed delighted at the universal ovation. It was curious to see their glances turning in admiration now toward the windows whence flowers were thrown to them, and now to the grand columns and monuments. As they passed an imposing structure, the soldiers nearest the crowd asked, in a hurry, 'What's that?' 'Colonna Trajana,' was the answer, and that name was repeated by each soldier with an air of admiration and astonishment. The enthusiasm increased as each of the regimental standards passed. The officers were graciously received. General Cardona alighted at the Piazza Colonna. He witnessed from the balcony the defile of the whole division, and then retired; but the cheers of the thousands who filled the square compelled him to show himself to the people. Waving his handkerchief, he cried, 'Long live Rome, the capital of Italy!' It was the first time that such words had been pronounced by a person of official station, and their reception by the people was indescribable."

In addition to the illustration, we give in this number a map of the States of the Pope, as their boundaries were defined previous to the 1st of September. A vote of the people, declaring themselves subjects of the King, will

obliterate these lines; and, while it will make Rome the political capital of Italy, will merge their territory into the Kingdom of Italy.

OBSEQUIES OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

THE obsequies of the great American Admiral were celebrated last Friday on a scale of splendor amply testifying the respect and esteem in which the name of the dead hero is held by all Americans. The details of the occasion have been so fully reported in the daily papers, that we will content ourselves with simply referring to the principal scenes and incidents.

The steamer *Bristol*, having on board the honored remains, arrived at the dock foot of Vesey street at 11:30 A.M., and transferred the coffin to the deck of the police-boat *Catalpa*. The scene in the harbor at this time was very impressive. When the catafalque was eventually landed on the dock, the committee formed into line and marched at the head of the procession, followed by the body in a rosewood coffin, having a silver mounting. On the silver on the lid was the following inscription:

ADMIRAL D. G. FARRAGUT,
Born July 5th, 1801.
Died August 13th, 1870.

The coffin was covered with an immense black velvet pall, fringed with gold bullion. On it, in letters of gold, was the word "Farragut," and on the corners silver anchors. On the top of the coffin was the Admiral's flag, and over that his coat, hat, and sword.

The marines occupied the post of honor near the coffin. These were followed by the Eighth and Sixth Regiments and the National Guards in full dress uniform. The whole were preceded by a band of music playing the dead march.

The procession proceeded up Broadway to Fourteenth street, down Fourteenth street to Fifth avenue, up the latter to Madison square and the Worth Monument, where they were viewed by General Grant, Governor Hoffman, and other prominent men, who occupied the piazza in front of the Hoffman House.

The soldiers and marines were there dismissed, and the coffin proceeded thence to its destination in Woodlawn Cemetery, accompanied only by the committee and personal friends.

All along the line of procession the large stores and public buildings were tastefully decorated, some, in particular, attracting general admiration. An excellent view, which we give in this number, was taken at the moment the cortege was passing the Worth Monument, which was appropriately decorated.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THOMAS HUGHES, M. P., speaks favorably of American institutions.

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER is at the St. Louis mineral springs for his health.

FUOCO, the celebrated Italian brigand, has been killed at last by a peasant.

RICHARD WAGNER was married on the 25th of August to the wife of Hans von Bulow.

OWAHA, the Indian orator, has started on a lecturing tour throughout the United States.

JOHN G. SAXE has sold his Albany residence, and will build a handsome home at Brooklyn.

THE Hindoo reformer, Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, is expected in this country next spring.

AN English nobleman has taken up his residence in the centre of the Dismal Swamp, Virginia.

GEORGE F. HOUGHTON, President of the Vermont Historical Society, died recently of apoplexy.

SEÑOR ROBERTS, the Spanish Minister, will soon be married to Miss Terry, an accomplished New York lady.

GOVERNOR SAFFORD, of Arizona, at the head of a party of volunteers, has taken the field against the Indians.

It is reported that Mr. Childers, First Lord of the British Admiralty, is about to retire on account of ill health.

THE wife of Governor Hoffman has entirely recovered from her recent illness, and is now at her home in Albany.

SUPERINTENDENT JOURDON, of the New York Police, has recovered his health sufficiently to resume his duties.

THE three most celebrated surgeons in Berlin, Drs. Langenbeck, Bardeleben, and Wilmat, have all entered the army.

AT HER reception in New York, Mlle. Nilsson fervently kissed the Swedish flag carried by one of her welcoming countrymen.

THE father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, publicly announced in Manchester, England, his faith in the doctor's safety.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD, of Sweden, who headed an exploring expedition two years ago, is preparing for another polar voyage next year.

REV. P. O'REILLY, of Worcester, was consecrated Bishop of the new Roman Catholic Diocese of Western Massachusetts, on the 25th ult.

THE Russian Minister, now visiting the Eastern States, says the Russian Prince Imperial contemplates a visit to the United States next spring.

THE Sultan of Turkey invited the Shah of Persia to come and see him, and bring the folks. Shah is coming, as requested, his retinue numbering 6,000 persons.

THE death is announced of Dr. Bolley, the celebrated professor of chemistry at the Polytechnic School at Zurich, which took place suddenly on the 3d of August.

AT Braunsberg, in Eastern Prussia, a Roman Catholic priest and professor has openly repudiated the infallibility doctrine, and declared the Pope a heretic.

MADAME AMELIA MEZZARI, wife of a French sculptor at San Francisco, has gone to France for the purpose of assisting her countrymen to nurse the wounded soldiers.

NEXT year will be the thousandth anniversary of the ascension of the English throne by Alfred the Great, and the English are already planning celebrations of the event.

DR. CORNELIUS A. LOGAN has just been elected to the second highest post among the Odd Fellows of the United States, that of Deputy Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge.

A NEPHEW of the King of Glass, and heir-presumptive to the throne of that Kingdom, which lies on the western coast of Africa, is the last addition to the list of lecturers for the coming season.

CAPTAIN EYRE, of the steamer *Bombay*, evades the verdict of suspension from command by shipping nominally as first mate, though he in reality commands his steamer, the same as before the trial.

THE Hon. Andrew Stewart, the only surviving member of the Twentieth Congress, has received the Congressional nomination in the Twenty-first Pennsylvania district. He is eighty years old, and is familiarly known as "Terp Andy."

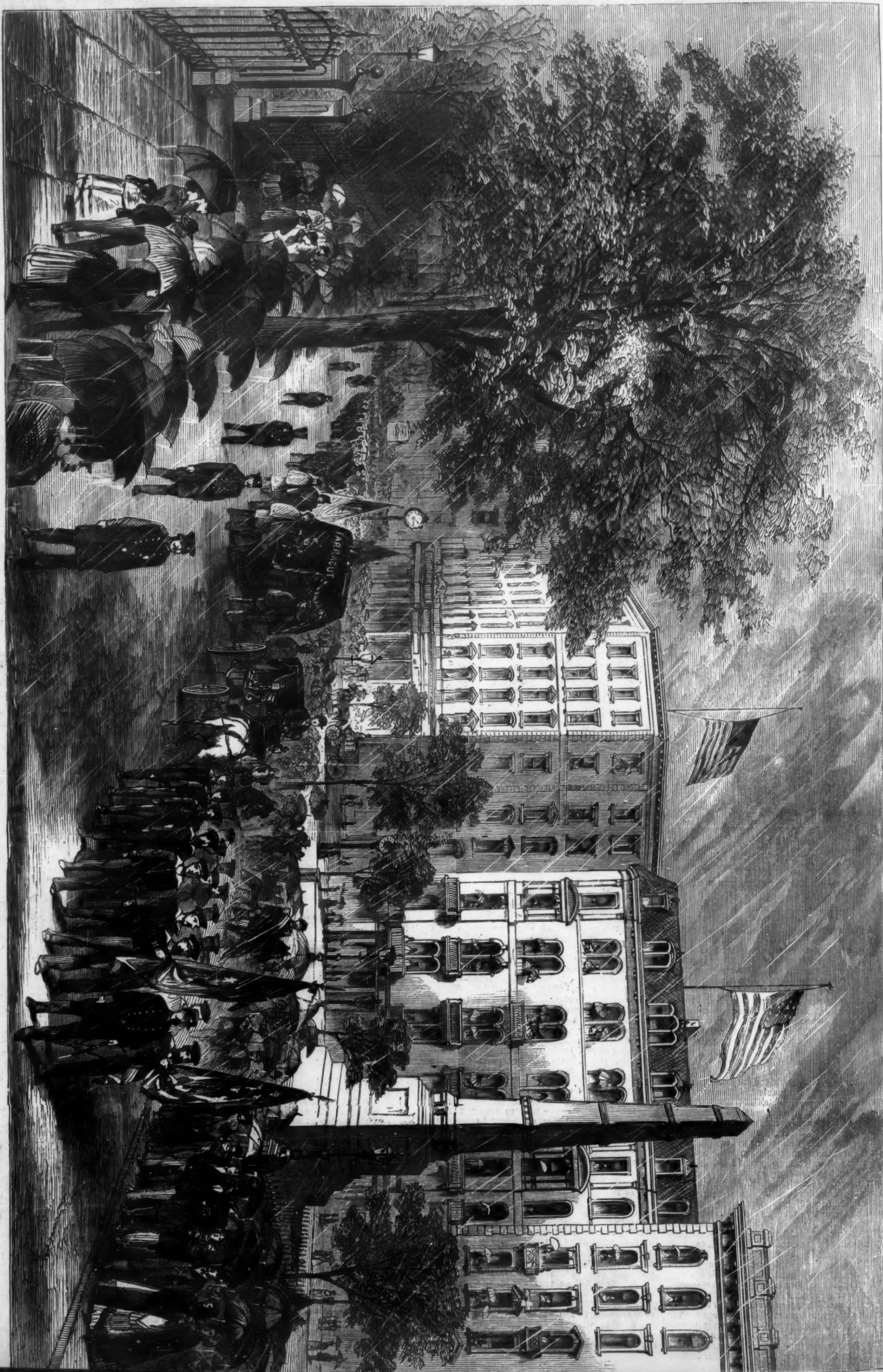
MR. J. O. EATON, of New York, an artist, was recently arrested while sketching on the Rhine near Mayence, on the apprehension that his sketches might cover military observations. He was released after four hours of captivity, and proceeded to Berlin.

It is reported that Rev. J. C. Kramer, recently appointed Minister to Denmark, has received a challenge to mortal combat from Lorenzo Lake, of Memphis, on account of a difficulty between Mr. Lake's brother and Mr. Kramer, while the latter was Consul at Leipzig.

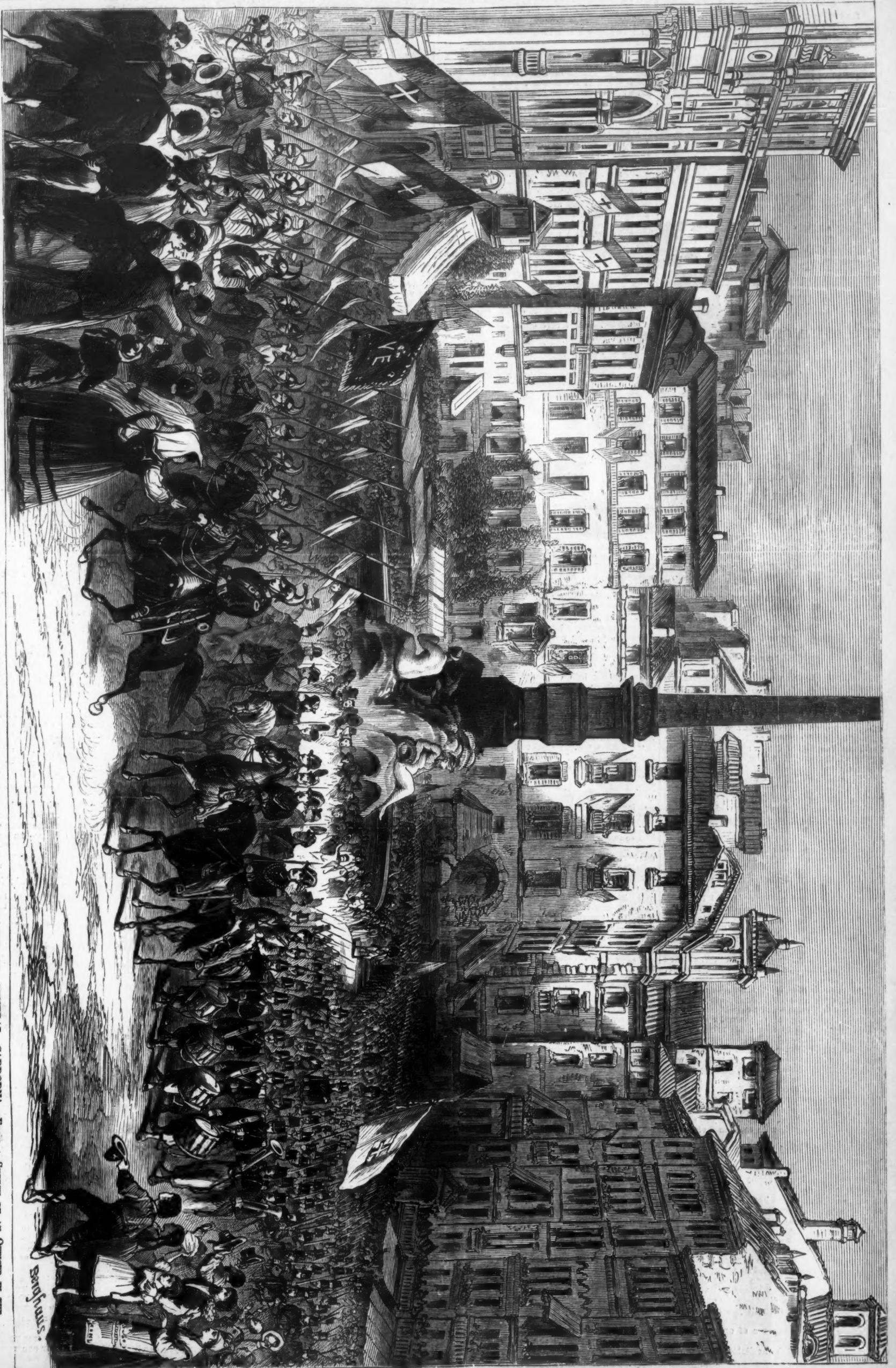
AN American army officer, who knows Von Moltke, says that there is probably no man in Europe who is so thoroughly acquainted with the history of the American war, and who is so intelligently informed regarding all the details of our plans, operations and campaigns.

THE New Orleans "Times" asserts that the Prince Salm-Salm killed at the battle of Gravelotte is not the Salm-Salm from the Federal army, and afterward from Mexico, but Prince Florentin Salm-Salm, Second-Lieutenant in Queen Augusta's regiment of Prussian Guards, a boy of nineteen years.

THE Hon. George Bancroft, in 1820, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the German University of Göttingen. He was then twenty years of age, and it was on attaining the fiftieth year of this doctorate upon which Queen Augusta of Prussia congratulated him recently.



THE FUNERAL CORTEGE OF ADMIRAL FARAGUT PASSING THE WORTH MONUMENT, MADISON SQUARE, AT HALF-PAST ONE P.M., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1870.—See Page 71.



A DIVISION OF THE ITALIAN ARMY MARCHING THROUGH THE SQUARE OF NAVONE, ROME, UPON ITS SURRENDER BY THE PAPAL ZOUAVES TO GENERAL CARDONA.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER IN THE SERVICE OF VICTOR EMANUEL.—SEE PAGE 71.

SILVER AND GOLD.

SILVER and gold has the miser;
Silver and gold have I,
Here in your beautiful tresses,
No miser's wealth could buy.
The gold is changing slowly
Into the silver's tint,
By some magic transformation
Wrought in Time's busy mint.

The sunshine beddeth the daytime,
And starlight the even's calm,
The gold of the sun, and silver
Of stars, o'er the blossom's balm.
Your hair wore the gold of the daytime—
Now the eventide draws so near,
That the starlight falls in your tresses,
Though the sunshine lingers here.

We have come down, dear, together
Through the long, sweet afternoon,
Over the sweet, wild heather,
To the light of the harvest-moon.
The fields are white for the reaper,
Under the starlight's smile,
And the harvest-home will come shortly,
In only a little while!

THE WIFE'S PLOT;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF THE HATHERLEIGHS.

CHAPTER XL.

THE will astounded Ephraim Byles. He prowled around Hatherleigh like a wolf deprived of his prey, thinking now only of revenge, and plotting how best to get it without injury to himself. The notable scheme by which he had hoped to make himself so great, lay shivered up in his mean mind, scorching him, driving him into wild plans of vengeance. Meanwhile he ceased to threaten Lina, he was cringingly polite to Captain Hatherleigh, and civil even to Ralph.

"I told you the will would surprise you a bit," was all he ventured to say to this last. "If I was the captain, I should try to upset it. He, he!"

"I do not think my father has asked you for any advice, Mr. Byles," answered Ralph, coldly, as he turned away.

Through all this civility there was a deadly weight of anger on Ephraim's miserable heart, mingled with a venomous jealousy of Ralph, which tortured him more than the destruction of his long-laid schemes. He saw the strength of Ethel's love in that singular codicil; he guessed she had renounced her own right in Ralph's favor, and the real meaning of the will was to give him Hatherleigh.

"It is a will made by a dotard and a girl," he said, sneeringly, "and it shan't stand."

In this idea he was mistaken, for Ethel was ignorant of Mr. Hatherleigh's intentions, and she heard the codicil read with mingled feelings of wounded delicacy, hurt pride, and sorrow. She shrank as painfully from the thought of being forced on Ralph as she did from the idea of taking his place at Hatherleigh. She fled from the fear of these alternatives in an agony of shame and terror, always avoiding every chance of meeting Ralph, and counting the days till Mr. Dalton's delayed arrival with fevered impatience. She had resolved to quit Hatherleigh, in the hope that her absence would heal the breach between mother and son, which now seemed to widen every day; for Captain Hatherleigh was annoyed—justly annoyed, he thought—at the terms of his father's will. The conversations he had held with Ralph, in which the young man repeated all the feeble complaints, the sombre hints and promises of explanation uttered by old Mr. Hatherleigh, greatly increased his suspicions and his anger. He considered undue influence had been exerted on his father's mind in order to induce him to make a will from his wife's dictation—a will which should give her an extraordinary and unjust prerogative. As for the codicil, that was the last weak attempt of an old man to do justice in a roundabout way; but it was an impossible idea—a wild, degrading scheme, to which he would never consent.

In the first days of his mother's bereavement the captain had respected her grief too much to utter a word of complaint or expostulation; but when the funeral was over, he went up to Hatherleigh determined to speak his mind with all the frankness of a sailor.

"Mother," he said, "I think I have a right to ask of you the meaning of my father's will. That you should have Hatherleigh for your life was often an expressed wish of mine to him; but that I should only have a life interest in it, and that with you should be the power of deviating it to whom you will, seems to me a rank and shameful injustice. Why have you carried your hate to my poor wife to such a cruel extent as this?"

The fair proud face looking at him so steadily was white and worn with grief, and her bent frame seemed to tremble beneath the weight of years and the heavy black garments which clung about her.

"It is not hate which has actuated me," she said, quietly—"it is love and pity."

"I wish I could believe you, mother—but deeds speak louder than words," returned her son; "and, without a fuller explanation, I am obliged to doubt your motives."

"You shall do me justice one day," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, with her proud lip trembling.

"Mother, I think I have always done you justice," he answered. "I have believed you a proud woman, not a dishonorable one. Until lately I have never thought you capable of a base act."

"And do you accuse me of one now?" she asked, sorrowfully.

Captain Hatherleigh hesitated an instant, then spoke out freely.

"I accuse you of hatred to my wife—a hatred which you have carried on to my son, and which has induced you to influence a weak old man to make a will in your favor, solely that you might have the gratification of disinheriting him for the benefit of some favorite of your own. There is my accusation, mother; and I add that, except in my marriage, I never crossed you in my life, nor gave you a reason to be bitter against me."

He who spoke these words to her in her old age was her eldest born, a man already "in the sear and yellow leaf"—a man whose respect she valued, and she could not hinder a few tears from falling on her worn face. But she wiped them hurriedly away, saying, in a quick voice, "You speak truth, Ralph; you never vexed me but in your marriage. You love your wife and son very dearly."

"Heaven knows I do," answered the sailor, earnestly. "They are all I have to love in a rough world."

"Well, well," she said, "let them make you home happy, then my last days will be happy too. And ask me no more questions, Ralph."

She held out her trembling hand to him as she spoke, but her son set it aside quietly.

"No, mother, not with affairs standing as they do now between us. I can't be a hypocrite. And I not only must ask questions, but I must insist on an answer."

"Well, say on," returned Mrs. Hatherleigh, mournfully. "But first open that door, will you, Ralph?"

The door in question opened into the library, and as her son obeyed her, he thought her request arose from a sudden faintness, or want of air; he did not guess that her reason was to force Ethel to hear their conversation. She sat there reading, and this being the only door into the library, there was no escape for her.

"What are your questions?" said Mrs. Hatherleigh. "Are you advised by a lawyer, or are they your own?"

"My own, mother; I have sought counsel from no one. Poor Mr. Spence is not in a condition to give it. His mind is gone. Dr. Everard assures me he is suffering from softening of the brain."

No one had told Mrs. Hatherleigh this news, and the shock of it now turned her very pale.

"I am truly sorry for him, and for his daughter," she said. "I hope she will not have the pain of being separated from him."

"No, his insanity is harmless. Poor old man, he is always making his will," said Captain Hatherleigh; "but of course it is quite worthless now, and I wonder this anxiety should press on his mind, for Byles tells me he made it twenty years ago."

"Beware of Byles, he is a villain!" observed Mrs. Hatherleigh, sharply.

"So my boy tells me," returned her son. "I know little of the fellow myself; and as he is Mr. Spence's partner, and understands all the business of the office, I don't see how I can interfere with him without going to law, and perhaps getting into Chancery. Meanwhile he does what he likes, and I believe the clients trust him, for he is a sharp hand at business."

Mrs. Hatherleigh passed her hand across her forehead with a painful look.

"Did any sudden sorrow, any shock, overset Mr. Spence's reason?" she asked.

"I cannot tell. I suspect there must have been something of that kind," he answered; "but Lina knows nothing of it."

"Deceitful and selfish to the last," thought Mrs. Hatherleigh, bitterly. "When will this woman learn to speak truth? To whom does he leave his money in these mad wills he makes?" she said.

"Always to Ralph; and he scarcely likes him to leave his sight. Poor old man, he clings to him with a deeper love than ever. Now, mother, let us go back to the point. My first question is: What is that explanation which my father intended to make to me, and which he spoke of to Ralph in a secret interview he had with him on the Sunday before he died?"

"I cannot tell you," said Mrs. Hatherleigh. "My last promise to your father was, that I would defer this explanation, till I, or you, or your wife, lay on a deathbed."

Captain Hatherleigh looked greatly annoyed. "How can I reconcile this statement with the anxiety he showed to Ralph to make this explanation to me?" he asked. "What or who changed him in the short period between Sunday and Tuesday?"

"Many considerations changed him, and above all, the entreaties of Ethel Dalton," said his mother.

Captain Hatherleigh's bronzed face flushed angrily at this.

"May I ask, mother, by what right this young lady interferes in affairs beyond her age and her capacity? It is a daring act, worthy of the daring brood from which she comes, to meddle between father and son."

Shading her eyes with her thin hand, Mrs. Hatherleigh said, tremblingly—"It was not my wish to defer this explanation, but you will acknowledge, surely, Ralph, that a promise to the dead is sacred."

"I acknowledge it," he answered; "but I ask again, why he exacted such a promise from you?"

Mrs. Hatherleigh could scarcely conceal her distress now.

"He was resolved to make me act according to his own wishes," she said, "not according to mine. His obstinacy was wonderful; and, against my own judgment, I have always obeyed him."

"Excuse me," persisted her son, "but a moment ago you confessed he was resolved on giving me an explanation; and he was induced to alter that resolve by Miss Dalton, a stranger, a girl who ought never to have stepped within the gates of Hatherleigh."

A hectic color was burning now on Mrs. Hatherleigh's pale cheeks.

"Let me tell you," she said, "that his resolve was a most unwilling one, wrung from him by the approach of death; and he snatched

eagerly at the reprieve which Ethel's urgent prayer afforded him."

"You speak in enigmas, mother," resumed her son, in a tone of deep annoyance. "You avoid a direct answer to my question. Now here is one to which I must have an instant and clear reply. In all this mystery, are you attempting to fling a slur on the character of my wife?"

His mother fixed her eyes on him sorrowfully, but did not utter a word.

"Give me an answer," he continued, hurriedly, as his lips grew quite white. "You have insinuated that my father kept some information from me, to spare me and himself pain. Is this a covert accusation against my poor wife, whom you have always hated? Are you denying her faithfulness and her affection for me?"

"No," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, steadily, with a great sigh of relief at the shape his question wore. "I believe that never woman loved her husband more dearly or more faithfully than your wife loves you."

"There, that is enough," rejoined her son, as the color came slowly back to his face. "I am satisfied. You may rob my son now of his inheritance, but not of his father's love. You do a horrible thing, mother, when you try to shake my affection for Ralph by these miserable mysteries and secrets."

Trembling as she listened, Ethel felt her heart quiver as she heard these words.

"I never wish to shake your love for him," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, wringing her hands tightly together. "And—and I cannot help it, if I have never been able to like your wife."

Captain Hatherleigh bit his lip, but restrained all angry words when he perceived his mother's evident distress.

"We will speak no more on that subject," he said. "I pass over all your cruelty to a poor, little, fragile creature, who has never offended you except by loving me, and I come back to the old question. By fair means or by foul—mind, I am speaking frankly, mother—you have gained the power you coveted, to disinherit the child of the woman you hate. Are you going to use this power?"

"Yes," returned Mrs. Hatherleigh, faintly.

Captain Hatherleigh could not hear this without an angry bound of the heart.

"I am sorry your dislike of the mother should pass on to the child," he observed, striving to speak calmly; "and I think it due to my boy to tell you that I will never submit to such an injustice. By your pride, by your holding aloof from my wife and son, you have cut them off from all society and comfort in this place, and you have embittered the lad's nature, but you shall not disinherit him."

The clenched hand which he raised in the air, and the indignation which rang out in his voice, showed that he was passionately in earnest; but his mother only regarded him in a quiet, sorrowful way, not speaking in reply.

"I can and will prevent it," he continued. "I have good grounds for setting aside my father's will, especially the codicil; and I shall dispute both, unwilling as I am to go to law, unless you give me your word you will act justly."

"I wish I could give you my word of that," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, in the same sorrowful, calm way. "I am anxious myself to do justice, but my will is disputed by another."

"By the interloper—this Miss Dalton, I suppose," said Captain Hatherleigh, in a voice of contempt.

"You have guessed rightly," answered his mother, looking him in the face with sad eyes.

A cruel suspicion of Ethel's integrity had filled his mind from the first; but on meeting this sorrowful look, he began to feel a kind of horror of the cunning, low girl, who had gained such power over the minds of two aged people.

"My dear mother," he said, drawing his chair close to hers, "let me give you the counsel of a son. Let us have no family quarrels, no unnatural enmities, through the machinations of an artful and covetous woman."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Hatherleigh, laying her hand on his arm.

"Is she listening?" he asked, contemptuously. "If so, let her lay my words to heart. I am not unwilling she should hear my opinion of her conduct."

"My dear Ralph," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, "you speak in ignorance. In what do you find her conduct blamable?"

"How can you ask such a question, mother?" returned Captain Hatherleigh, with indignation. "I find this girl domiciled here as your favorite; I find you have thrust her continually into the presence of my father, who disliked her; I find you have importuned him to make her his heiress; and, failing in that, you have procured from him a will in your own favor, with the avowed purpose of leaving Hatherleigh to her."

"I find that, to counteract your intention, my poor father made a codicil, by which he attempts to do Ralph justice through a marriage as repugnant to him as to me; and, in the face of these facts, you demand what I find to blame?"

"All these details which you heap together only condemn me, Ralph, not her," said Mrs. Hatherleigh.

"No, they condemn her," he repeated, angrily, "because they show she must have used immense art and cunning to overthrow a mind like yours. With all your pride you are naturally a just woman, and I can only wonder at the deceit which has blinded you."

"Again I say you are mistaken," she answered. "How strange," she thought, "that he can own me just—that he can argue thus, and yet his own logic will not bring him to a proper conclusion—to a suspicion of the truth."

"Mistaken!" repeated her son. "One cannot be much mistaken in the character of a Hartrow—a family lawless, without order, violent, unscrupulous, and idle, till their sins culminated in the crime of Lewis Hartrow, the father of this girl. And you expect me to believe she has gained the place she holds in this

house through her virtues alone! Oh, mother, I know the world, and I know the Hartrows too well for that."

"Are you so very bitter against the Hartrows?" she asked, mournfully.

"Bitter? No!" he answered. "But I think a Hartrow should never have entered the house of Hatherleigh, and I think it is scarcely fitting a Hartrow should possess its ancient roof."

Mrs. Hatherleigh covered her eyes with her hand, and her tears fell fast.

"I acknowledge the truth of your words," she said; "but love remedies all evils. If we can marry the Hatherleigh and the Hartrow, may we not yet do justice, and find peace for all?"

"Do not deceive yourself with such a thought, mother!" he cried. "It would be a degradation, a dishonor to me and my son, to accept Hatherleigh on such terms. I will never consent to Ralph's marriage with a Hartrow. You are very inconsistent," he added, with a tinge of bitterness. "All your life long you refuse to receive a daughter-in-law whose parentage does not quite please your pride, and now you try to force on me a daughter-in-law sprung from the vilest and lowest among the low. You may refuse a place in your heart to a Spence, and give your affection to a Hartrow, but do not expect me to do the same."

"I was prejudiced, as yourself once," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, gently. "I thought such a marriage impossible. I thought I could never bear to see a Hartrow beneath this roof, but I am won over now. Ethel has conquered us all."

Tears stopped her words, and she laid her hand on her son's arm with an imploring look. It only angered him.

"Her cunning shall not conquer me!" he exclaimed. "You would argue, I suppose, that education and refinement have destroyed the baseness of the Hartrow blood. I don't believe it. My prejudices, if you will call them so, are too deep-seated for such a belief. I should regard a Hartrow with horror even if an angel had been his foster-father. In my mind nothing would shut out the real father—the felon, Lewis Hartrow!"

He stopped suddenly, for Ethel stood in the doorway, and in her streaming eyes there shone such sorrow, such compassion, such entreaty, that in spite of his anger he was struck dumb.

"Mrs. Hatherleigh," she said, "it was cruel to make me listen to all this."

"I wanted you to understand how much better it would be to sever a limb than to suffer a wound to grow," said Mrs. Hatherleigh.

"I will not sever any tie or inflict any wound," answered Ethel, in that gentle, quiet voice, which struck the ear as something seraphic in its purity and sweetness. "Captain Hatherleigh, this great house and all its riches are nothing to me. I do not covet them—I do not want them. My sole desire is to go away, and trouble your thoughts and your hearts no more. It pleased God in my orphanage to give me a kind father, and I cling to him still. I ask nothing of the Hatherleighs. I am not used to riches; I have had neither poverty nor wealth, and I am better and happier in keeping in that quiet path. It pains me terribly to have this unkind part thrust upon me, which I hold now. Persuade your mother to let me go away for ever, and I will thank you all my life."

Here it struck her gentle heart that it was her own father to whom she spoke, and she could not restrain the tears which burst forth from her eyes like rain.

"One word more," she said, with her little hands clasped tightly. "I call myself Dalton, but do not think I am ashamed of the name of Hartrow. It is a poor name, I know—an out-cast name, covered with disgrace and sorrow—but I should be proud to bear it if any one I loved gave it to me. And I think there is as much good in a Hartrow as a Hatherleigh. Circumstances bring sin, and they bring respect also; but, though honor may belong to the rich, the spirit of God is poured out upon the poor."

She would have turned away, but Mrs. Hatherleigh rose up, and taking her by the hand, she led her forward till they both stood before her son.

"Ralph," she said, as her lip shook, "this girl has taught me to be merciful to the Hartrows, and to think gently and kindly of them. Let there be peace between us all. Come here with your wife and son, and let me try to heal this breach. If I, after long reluctance, am willing my grandchild should marry a Hartrow, cannot you consent to it?"

A thousand innocent shames rose into Ethel's face as she spoke, and she broke from her most passionately.

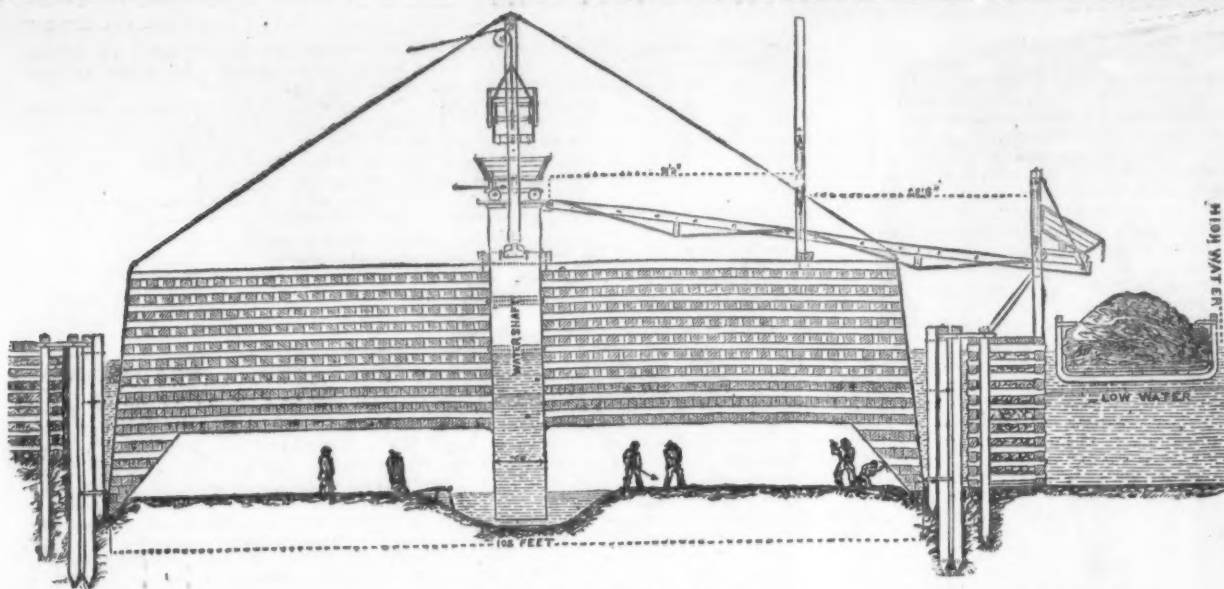
"I cannot bear this!" she cried. "Oh, time of the time when you were a girl yourself, and spare me this bitterness!"

Captain Hatherleigh was abashed and silent. He had scarcely looked at Ethel till to-day; his scorn, his anger, had been too great, and her timidity had held her silent. Now, when generous love made her brave, and he heard her words, and gazed at the wonderful innocent beauty of her face, he dared not belie the feelings of his heart, which told him he had misjudged her.

"Ralph, will you accept my invitation?" said Mrs. Hatherleigh, earnestly.

"I think not," he answered, hesitating, and looking at Ethel. "I think I ought to spare this young lady the pain of my own and my son's presence. You have forced her, mother, to hear my opinion of her, just, or unjust, and she has also heard my expressed determination that she shall not gain Hatherleigh through Ralph, nor Ralph through her. After this we are better apart. It would not be fair, either to her or my son, to throw them together, especially as I know Ralph's opinion of her was once kinder than it is now."

He stopped in pity, for Ethel's face was snow-white, yet she had still courage for one more pleading word.



EAST RIVER BRIDGE.—A SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE CAISSON NOW SUBMERGED ON THE BROOKLYN (N. Y.) SIDE OF THE RIVER.—SEE PAGE 77.

"You will let me go away with my father—with Mr. Dalton," she said to Mrs. Hatherleigh. "He will come here with Ralph when I am gone."

She clung to her with both arms, and entreated so passionately for leave to quit all that the world holds dear, that, in her haste and her sorrow, Mrs. Hatherleigh yielded.

"You will have no objection, I suppose, to come when Ethel has left me?" she said to her son.

"I have no wish to drive away your guest, mother," he answered, "but since her own sense and delicacy show her that she cannot meet my son and me, I thank her for the proposition to leave us free to visit you by her own departure."

This was said stiffly, while Mrs. Hatherleigh glanced at Ethel with a mournful look.

"I do not think Lina will come," he continued; "she will prefer to remain with her father."

Mrs. Hatherleigh would not trust herself with a reply, and her son then took leave of her without much cordiality, though apparently without rancor. He only bowed to Ethel, but his eye lingered a moment on her face in a sort of questioning wonder, as if he were asking himself whether deceit ever wore the guise of a lily.

"See what misery this wicked woman has caused!" said Mrs. Hatherleigh, the instant he was gone. "Why are you obstinately bent on sparing her, Ethel? Every moment that passes, leaving this falsehood still standing round your life, adds to its intensity, and the difficulty of clearing it away."

"What does it matter for me?" answered Ethel. "I am happy as I am. It is of them I think. To rob Ralph of his name and his place, to give both to me, would make them a curse to me. I should die of that sorrow. And remember what your son said of the Hartwogs. In the face of the horror he expressed of them, would you tell him the bitter truth? Mr. Spence, hearing it, has gone mad."

"Is that indeed the fact?" cried Mrs. Hatherleigh.

"Yes, my unhappy mother has written, telling me so," replied Ethel. "Do you want revenge? Would you lay on her any suffering more dire than the agony now filling her heart, her conscience, her soul, without rest, day and night?"

"No, no, I want no revenge," said Mrs. Hatherleigh. "The hand of the avenger is on her; mine shall not touch her. Mad! Is Mr. Spence really mad? Then how would my son bear the truth, and live? We will wait, Ethel—we will see what patience and pardon will do for us all."

Thus love conquered, as it ever does.

A TRADE IN RIDDLES.

NINE persons sailed from Balse down the Rhine. A Jew, who wished to go to Schalampi, was allowed to come on board, and journey with them, upon condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

Now, it is true, something angled in the Jew's pocket when he had struck his head against it; but the only money there was a twelve-kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Retribution for this he thought to himself, "Something may be earned even upon the water. There is many a man has grown rich upon the Rhine."

During the first part of the voyage the passengers were very talkative and merry, and the Jew, with his wallet under his arm, for he did not lay it aside, was an object of much mirth and mockery, as, alas, is often the case with those of his nation. But as the vessel sailed onward, and passed Thuringen and St. Velt, the passengers, one after another, grew silent, and gaped, and gazed listlessly down the river, until one cried:

"Come, Jew, do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their journey in the wilderness."

"Now is the time," thought the Jew, "to shear my sheep!"

He then proposed that they should sit round in a circle, and he, with their permission, would sit with them. Those who could not answer the questions any one proposed should pay the one who propounded them a twelve-kreutzer piece, and those who answered them pertinently

should receive a twelve-kreutzer piece. This proposal pleased the company, and, hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked at random whatever chanced to enter his head. Thus, for example, the first asked, "How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat on an empty stomach?"

All said it was impossible to answer that question; but the Jew said, "One; for he who has eaten one egg cannot put a second upon an empty stomach," and the other paid him twelve kreutzers.

"Walt, Jew," thought the second, "I will try you out of the New Testament, and I think I shall win my piece." Then said he, "Why did the Apostle Paul write the Second Epistle to the Corinthians?"

"Because he was not in Corinth," said the Jew, "otherwise he would have spoken to them." So he won another twelve-kreutzer piece.

When the third saw that the Jew was so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way. "Who," said he, "prolongs his work to as great length as possible, and completes it in time?"

"The ropemaker, if he is industrious," said the Jew.

In the meantime they drew near to a village, and one said to the other, "That is Bamlach." Then the fourth asked, "In what month do the people of Bamlach eat the least?"

"In February," said the Jew; "for it has only twenty-eight days."

"There are two natural brothers, said the fifth, 'and still only one of them is my uncle.'"

"The uncle is your father's brother," said the Jew; "and your father is not your uncle."

A fish now leaped out of the water, and the sixth asked, "What fish have their eyes nearest together?"

"The smallest," said the Jew.

The seventh asked, "How can a man ride from Balse to Bern in the shade, in the summer time, when the sun shines?"

"When he comes to a place where there is no shade he must dismount and go on foot," said the Jew.

The eighth asked, "When a man rides in the winter time from Bern to Balse, and has forgotten his gloves, how must he manage so that his hands shall not freeze?"

"He must make fists out of them," said the Jew.

The ninth was the last. This one asked, "How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?"

"The last man must take the dish with the egg," said the Jew, "and he can let it lie there as long as you please."

But now it came to his turn, and he determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments, he asked, with an air of mischievous friendliness, "How can a man fry two trout in three pans, so that a trout may lie in each pan?"

No one could answer this, and one after the other gave him a twelve-kreutzer piece; but when the ninth desired that he should solve the riddle, he rocked to and fro, shrugged his shoulders, and rolled his eyes.

"I am a poor Jew," he said, at last.

"What has that to do with it?" cried the rest.

"Give us the answer."

"You must not take it amiss," said the Jew, "for I am a poor Jew."

At last, after much persuasion, and many promises that they would do him no harm, he thrust his hand into his pocket, took out one of the twelve-kreutzer pieces that he had won, laid it upon the table, and said, "I do not know the answer any more than you. Here are my twelve kreutzers."

When the others heard this, they opened their eyes, and said that this was scarcely according to the agreement. But as they could not control their laughter, and were wealthy and good-natured men, and as the Jew had helped them to while away the time from Saint Velt to Schalampi, they let it pass; and the Jew took with him from the vessel—let a good arithmetician reckon up for us how much the Jew carried home with him. He had nine twelve-kreutzer pieces by his answers, nine with his own riddle, one in his pocket to start with, one he paid back, and eighteen kreutzers he gave to the captain.

THE German Consul-General at New York reports that he has received from his countrymen in America over \$170,000 for the wounded of the Prussian armies.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS AND FORTIFICATIONS.

THE city of Paris, situated between the confluence of the Marne, the Oise and the Seine, in the midst of a wide plain, is divided into two unequal parts by the river, from 200 feet to 300 feet in breadth, which runs from east to west, forming an arc. On the right bank of the Seine, the height of which is about eighty feet above the level of the sea, rise the hills of Montmartre, 394 feet in height; Belleville, 311 feet in height; Montmartre, and Charonne. On the left bank are the heights of Mount Valerien, 495 feet; St. Cloud, 306 feet; Sevres, Meudon and Issy. The northern portion of Paris is the largest. Twenty-one bridges keep up the communications. The form of the city may be compared to an ellipse, somewhat flattened on the right side.

The fortifications of Paris were constructed in the reign of Louis Philippe. They consist of a bastioned and terraced wall, faced with masonry, and surrounded by a ditch of a breadth varying from 60 to 195 feet, and a depth varying from 30 to 40 feet. The general outline is of an irregular oval form, nearly 22 miles in circumference, and inclosing an area of 10,271 acres, or 80 miles, and a population of 1,500,000 persons, exclusive of the garrison, amounting to about 300,000 men, consisting chiefly of Gardes Mobiles and Volunteers.

The axis of the oval from north to south is 6,700 yards, and that from east to west is 12,347 yards. Around the enceinte or circuit of the wall are 94 angular forts, with areas of about 338 square yards each, protected by ditches which can be filled at a moment's notice with water from the Seine, and armed with cannon of very heavy calibre, transported from the French ironclad fleet, and manned by sailors. There are besides 17 casemated fortresses at a distance of half a league from the inside wall, located at the principal approaches, and connected by sunken roads. Inside the walls a carriage-way is laid out, and also a circular railway, connecting all the railroad lines running into Paris. At various points of the walls there are 65 entrances, of which 51 are gates, 10 are railway arches, and 4 are posterns.

Of the detached forts, that of Mount Valerien, situate west of Paris, on an elevation 416 feet high, is the largest and strongest. A paved road joins Mount Valerien with the Bois de Boulogne by the bridge of Suresnes. It is seven miles from St. Denis, the largest fort to the north of Paris, and four miles from the fort of Issy on the southwest. An immense earthwork is being thrown up between Mount Valerien and the hills of Meudon, on the heights of Montretout, and will command the valleys of Sevres and Ville d'Avray. It is directly opposite St. Cloud.

The greatest distance between any fort is that between Mount Valerien and the fort of Nogent, following the parallel exactly at a distance of 27,000 paces, or eleven miles; while in the southern direction, the greatest distance—between St. Denis and the Fort de Bicetre—is 20,000 paces, or eight miles.

The line of circumference which would join the exterior forts would be twenty-six miles, or twelve and a half hours' march. All the exterior forts have bastions. Further, the forts of Noisy, Rosny, and Nogent have hornworks. The scarp and countescarp are as high as those of the fortifications of Paris; covered ways, with trenches of masonry and bomb-proof powder-magazines, are everywhere. All the forts communicate by telegraph with Paris and with each other.

Between the forts of Noisy (3,500 paces), Rosny (3,200), and Nogent (3,800), which defend Paris on the south, are placed, at short intervals, the redoubts of Noisy, Montreuil, Boissiere, and Fontenay. The Marne, which is here 100 paces wide, forms a natural defense, fortified also by an entrenchment of 2,800 feet in length, consisting of a parapet and ditches, covering the Isthmus of St. Maur, where a bridge crosses the river. The two extremities of the entrenchment are flanked by the redoubts of Falsanderie and Gravelle. These the railway of Vincennes and La Varenne passes. All these works inclose in a semicircle the castle of Vincennes, in which is the principal arsenal of Paris, on the edge of the great field for manœuvring artillery close to the Marne. On the other bank of this river, in the triangle formed by the union of the Seine and the Marne near Afort, on the right side of the Lyons Railway, is the fort of Charenton, which closes the first line of defense.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE vomito is raging terribly in Barcelona, Spain.

GERMAN hospitals have at present 200,000 beds for the wounded.

KENTUCKY's sweet-potato crop this year is the largest ever raised.

THE war increased the sale of lager in Buffalo 11,576 barrels the last quarter.

THE battle of Mars-la-Tour has been named by the Germans simply as "Marsch retour."

PLANS and specifications have been submitted for a new Merchants' Exchange at St. Louis.

FIVE years' imprisonment is the sentence of the woman who stole the Digby child in New Orleans.

A BOY has turned up at Rockford, Ill., who claims to have been christened "Star Spangled Banner."

IN Decatur County, Ind., Mrs. G. A. Crosby acts as constable. Her husband is Justice of the Peace.

THE magnetic well in Chicago having been thoroughly tested, the citizens think they prefer whisky.

THE proprietors of a Michigan watch factory offer to remove to Galesburg if that city will give \$100,000.

FOUR years in prison is what a Michigan clergyman gets for coveting his neighbor's ox and stealing it.

ST. PAUL, Minn., had a grand firemen's parade, at which six hundred firemen were present and in uniform.

A SQUASH is on exhibition at the State Fair of Minnesota that weighs one hundred and twenty-seven pounds.

A SCOUNDREL at Troy recently revenged himself upon his neighbor by cutting the throat of his favorite horse.

A MAN in Oxford, Ill., was bitten by a rattlesnake seventeen years ago, and is still taking whisky to cure the bite.

THE proprietors of the "Australasian" newspaper have purchased the exclusive right to publish "Lothair" in Australia.

AMONG the missionaries now on their way to China are five young men who were educated at the Ohio Wesleyan University.

A SNAKE, a foot long, was recently captured in the web of a spider at Mosby Creek, Tenn., and held there until its death.

THE herrings on the Scotch coast are so plentiful this year that the salt and barrels for curing them are for the present exhausted.

A LADY in Oshkosh, Wis., amused herself in church on Sunday by counting the different styles of doing up the hair, and found fifty-one.

MOBILE, Ala., is being constantly visited by strangers, although yellow fever is supposed to have appeared there in an epidemic form.

A MAN near Springfield, Ia., had the contents of his pocketbook, amounting to \$400 in large bills, swallowed by a mule on the 19th ult.

TWELVE hundred dollars—about half the amount required—has been collected in Milwaukee for the reunion of Wisconsin soldiers at that place.

THE present empty state of London is attested by the fact that only six theatres are open; usually more than double that number are available.

THE pastures of West Virginia suffer very heavily this season from a lack of rain. The grass everywhere appears as if it had been swept over by flames.

THE manufacture of leather in Maine has been greatly increased of late years through the abundance of hemlock bark to be found in every part of the State.

AMONG other interests suffering terribly through the war is the blacking and varnish trade. Nobody in France of late has thought of having his boots cleaned.

AN old gray-haired gentleman is reported in Thomasville, Ga., as in search of the census-taker, in order, he said, "to make his census returns of twenty-nine children."

PORTSMOUTH, in England, the seat of the principal Government dockyard, has a population of 120,000, and a public house to every 124 inhabitants—being 966 in all.

A PHYSICIAN in Vincennes, Ind., reports that in that city and its immediate vicinity there are no less than two thousand cases of fever and ague and chills and fever.

THE manufactures of Turkey are reported, on recent reliable authority, to be on the decline. The steel manufactures, for which Damascus was famous, no longer exist.

IN moving the Yerba Buena Cemetery, at San Francisco, one of the coffins fell apart, and the mortal remains were found to be one knee-cap, a pet of boots, and a bottle of whisky.

THE order of the principal cities of Illinois in population is as follows: First, Chicago; second, Quincy; third, Peoria; fourth, Springfield; fifth, Bloomington; sixth, Jacksonville.

THE decaying bodies of three persons, all in one pile, were found in the woods in Jasper County, Ind., on the 21st. No clue to their identity or the cause of their death has been discovered.

TWO GENTLEMEN of Pittsburg, who purchased a piece of land in Elk County, Pa., on going to visit it recently, were set upon by an army of wildcats, and compelled to take to their heels.

THE Chillicothe and Brunswick, Chillicothe and Omaha, and St. Louis and Council Bluffs Railroad Companies have consolidated under the name of the St. Louis, Council Bluffs and Omaha Railroad Company.

A COLORED man has been found, by the census-takers in Williamson County, Tenn., who represents himself as being in his one hundred and fifteenth year. He still enjoys good health, and works on a farm.

A VIRGINIA judge has revived the lash as a means of punishment, and recently sentenced a colored man, nearly eighty years old, who had stolen a rope valued at thirty cents, to receive ten lashes upon the bare back.

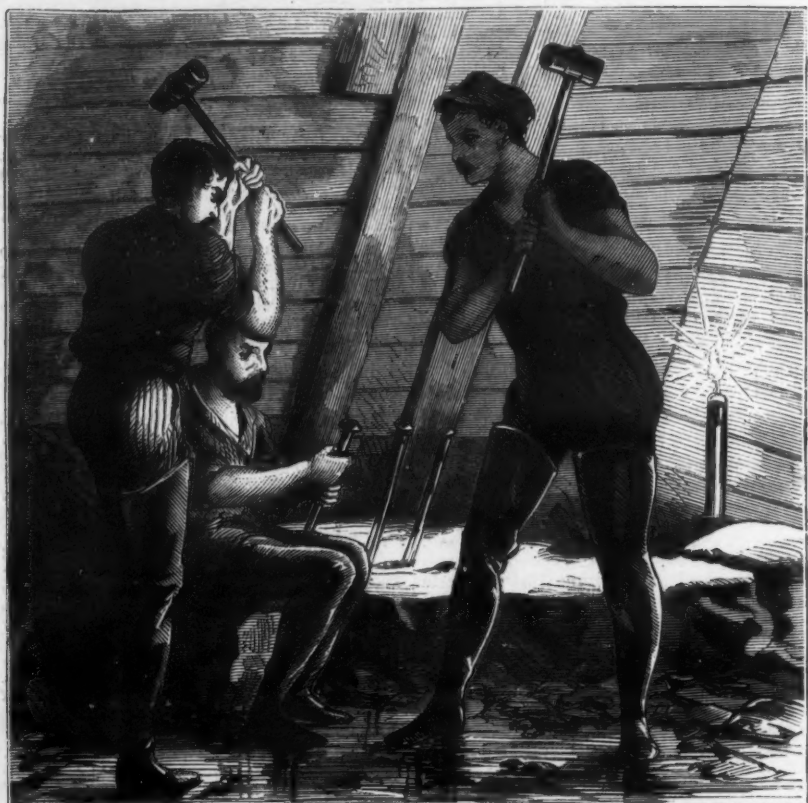
A "BOTTOMLESS HOLE" has been found at the northern end of Blue Hill, Nev. One explorer descended to the depth of 200 feet without finding any evidence of its termination. The walls abound with stalactites resembling coral.



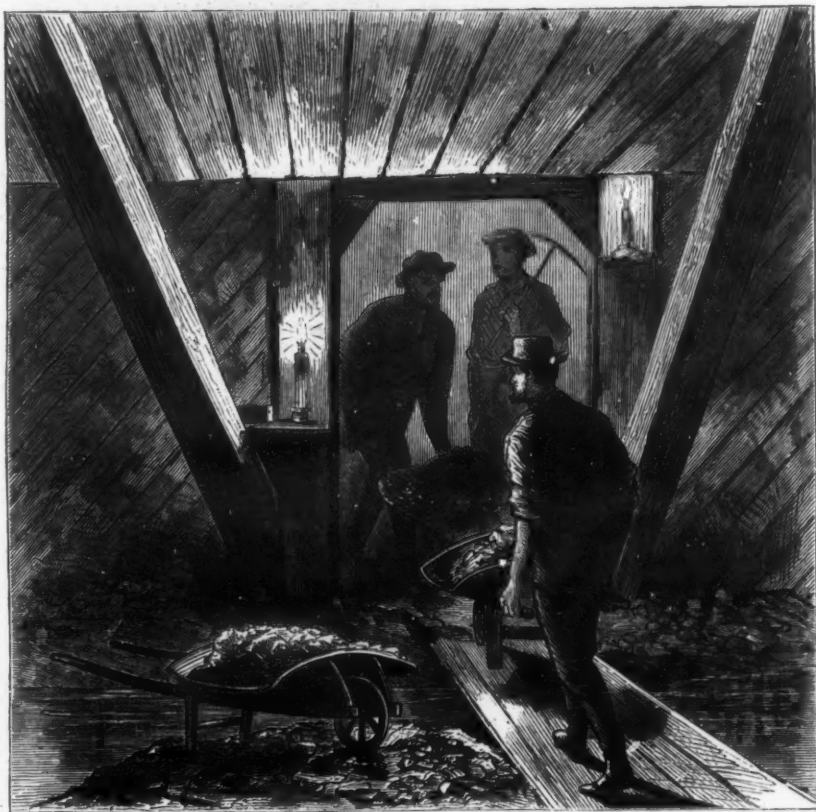
1.—ENTRANCE TO THE SUPPLY-SHAFT OF THE CAISSON.



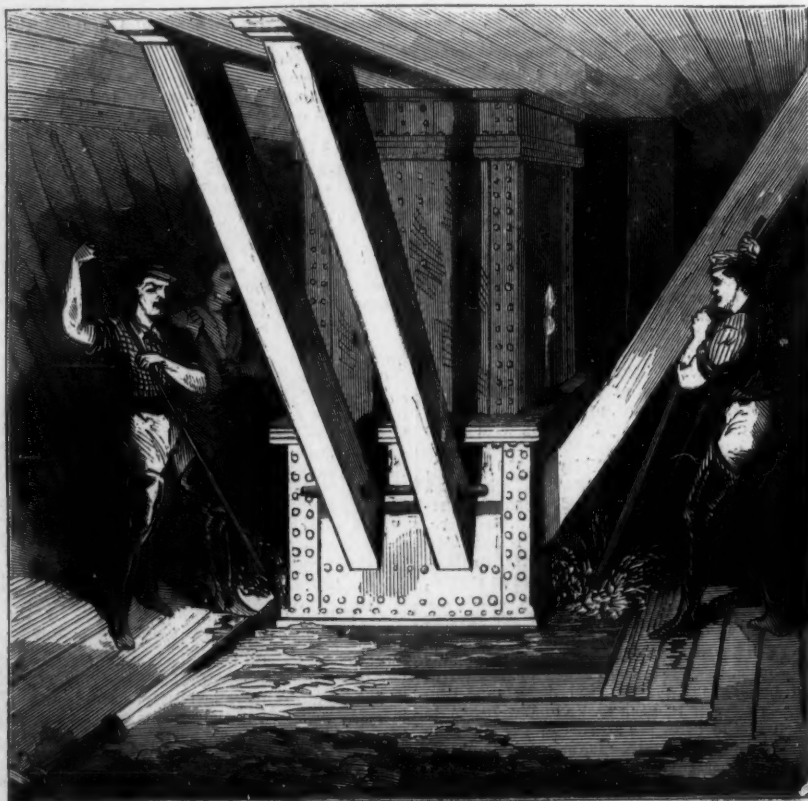
2.—MOUTH OF SUPPLY-SHAFT OF THE CAISSON.



3.—DRILLING THE ROCK AT THE SHOE OF THE CAISSON.



4.—DOOR THROUGH PARTITION, SHOWING DIFFERENT APARTMENTS IN THE CAISSON.



5.—FEEDING THE BUCKET OF THE WATER-SHAFT IN THE CAISSON.



6.—WORKMEN SAWING TIMBER FOR WEDGES.

INSIDE VIEWS OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE CAISSON, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



SHOOTING RAIL ON THE HACKENSACK MEADOWS, NEW JERSEY.—SEE PAGE 78.

THE BROOKLYN CAISSON FOR THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

Few persons crossing the Fulton Street Ferry, and noticing the puff of steam-engines, the clanking of chains, and the groans of two huge derricks on the Brooklyn side, have any idea how rapidly the work of erecting the long talked of bridge between Brooklyn and New York is progressing. A squad of workmen hurry to and fro about the locality; immense blocks of granite are being landed from a schooner, shaped, and placed in position; but, beyond this, the public know little of the larger squad of men working with equal celerity far down below the bed of the river.

The work at present is simply lowering the caisson on which the Brooklyn tower is to be erected; but this work forms one of the most interesting features of engineering skill.

THE CAISSON

was built at Greenpoint, L. I., and placed in position at Brooklyn on the 3d of May, 1870. The greatest care and ingenuity is displayed in its construction, as it is indispensable that, to bear the immense weight of the tower, it must combine all the elements of strength, and in a manner that will not impede mechanical and manual labor. It is a monster pneumatic pile, 168 feet long by 102 feet wide on the outside, the chamber in which the excavations are going on being 166 feet by 98 feet, and 9 feet in height. By examining the cross-section, an accurate idea of the form of the caisson is obtained without any bewildering technicalities. It consists of two portions—the roof, or top, and the V, or shoe, or sides. By the latter the danger of shifting is overcome, while, with a constant supply of air, the large chamber, divided into six rooms, affords every opportunity for steady manual labor. The sides are nine timbers in height, the lower side of the first course being eight inches across. When placed in position, five courses of heavy timber were securely bolted to the roof. Ten other courses were afterward put down, on top of which the granite blocks are being placed. This masonry, besides serving for the foundation of the tower, forces the caisson down as the excavations are carried on about the sides. The aggregate weight, exclusive of the stone, is about 200,000 pounds, and the space occupied three-eighths of an acre. Through the roof pass two water, two supply, and two air-shafts, composed of boiler-iron, the former being nearly square, 6 feet 6 inches by 7 feet. To reach

THE BED OF THE RIVER,

we pass to one of the supply-shafts, where a man is waiting to admit us into the air-chamber. A heavy door, opening downward, discloses a narrow entrance, and an iron ladder enables us to reach the bottom, about eight feet from the roof. Thick glass eye-holes are distributed over the roof, while the sides of the chamber are furnished with ropes, valves, cocks, and other

apparatus. The upper door is closed, and our guide sings out:

"HOLD YOUR NOSES!"

A cock is turned, a steady hissing sound is heard, and we feel a marked increase in the temperature. The noise grows louder; respiration is accelerated; a dull clicking, then a heavy ringing sound comes to the ear; we grow dizzy with the atmospheric pressure; the head begins to swim. The guide, seeing our oppression, motions to seize the nose and expel the air from the lungs every few seconds. This, followed, relieves the ears, and makes the situation more endurable. But a few minutes pass—they seem hours—when another cock is turned, the hissing noise ceases, the lower door falls, and we descend a ladder until we reach the

MOUTH OF THE SUPPLY-SHAFT,

whence a short ladder leads us to the sticky, brown clay that forms the bed of the river. A

thermometer, if we had one, would show a temperature high up among the nineties. In the six rooms we find a squad of about seventy-five men, picking the dirt, loosening stones, wheeling material to the water-shafts, and blasting boulders that have been removed. The chamber is illumined by magnesium lights, while candles flicker about the shoe and partition excavations. The water-shafts run below the line of the sides, a deep hole being dug, and supplied with water to a certain depth. Into this the material is dumped, the stones and clay being separated, to prevent clogging. With a succession of heavy thuds, a dredging-machine creeps down the shaft, digs into the mass, and closing, carries a quantity of dirt and water to the outer world, where it is lowered into cars, and run off to scows. A large number of huge boulders have been encountered, principally on the shore side. These were dislodged by means of hydraulic pulling-machines attached to two and a half inch eyes bolted in the roof. Once

within the chamber, they were readily broken by the powder or wedge blast, and hauled to the water-shaft for removal.

A squad of men commence work at six o'clock in the morning, and continue until eleven, when an hour's recess is given for dinner. Being resumed at twelve, the work is carried on until three, when the squad retire for the day. A second party begin at four, and work until twelve at night, with one hour's interruption for rest. Before

ASCENDING THE SHAFT,

three smart raps are given on the tube—a signal for the guide above—and on an answer being received, we pass up the ladder, our narrow apartment being lighted with candles. Reaching the air-chamber, the admonition regarding the treatment of the nose and lungs is repeated, a cock turned, and hissing sounds ensue, like steam escaping from a locomotive.

The temperature now decreases, and a mist arises, which becomes too dense to allow us to distinguish the guide four feet distant. The strain upon the ears increases, and exceeds that of our entrance. Despite the cool air rushing in, the symptoms of suffocation are very great, and the head swims with a feeling as if many times enlarged. In a few seconds the upper door drops, and we step out upon the masonry, in a dripping perspiration, with clothes pretty liberally spattered with mud and tallow, and nose and ears filled with lampblack.

The caisson is supplied with air condensed by six powerful steam-engines, and precaution is taken to prevent accidents or interruption of work. When completed, the bridge may be justly called one of the greatest feats of engineering skill of the age.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

The Church of the Holy Innocents, located on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-seventh street, was dedicated in February last. The edifice is built on the site of the old one of the same name, which was purchased some four years ago by the present incumbent, Father Larkin, from an Episcopal society. It is built of Ohio and Belleville stone, in the old Gothic style of architecture, and is one of the strikingly beautiful ecclesiastical structures of the metropolis.

It is 130 feet long, 70 feet wide and 60 feet high; and with its spacious galleries and elegant pews is capable of accommodating 6,500 persons. The altar is white marble, and over it, reaching to the ceiling, is a large fresco-painting of the Crucifixion, by the well-known and distinguished artists Bromidi and Garibaldi.

The cost of the church was \$100,000, which sum was raised by Father Larkin from the people of the parish by means of fairs, lectures, and popular entertainments. The congregation has just cause to remember with gratitude



CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS, BROADWAY AND THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

the energy, efficiency and zeal of the pastor, which culminated in the erection of an edifice so commodious, beautiful and substantial.

At the dedication, Mercadante's First Mass was admirably rendered, by a full and powerful choir, Dr. Berge, the well-known organist directing. The Very Rev. W. Starrs, V. G., preached the sermon. At both the mass and vespers the vestments worn by the officiating clergyman were remarkable for the richness of material and the liberality of trimming. The church is located in a fine field for labor, and, under the untiring ministrations of Father Larkin, we are sure it will assert a powerful influence.

RAIL-SHOOTING ON THE HACKENSACK (N. J.) MEADOWS.

ALTHOUGH a very small bird, the American rail deservedly ranks among the game of our country, its flesh greatly resembling that of the woodcock. It is somewhat smaller than the English rail, and its plumage is far different. The upper parts of the body are streaked with black and brown, the throat and breast are bright brown, and a few white feathers relieve the darkness of the sides and wings.

The rail breeds in salt swamps, and in winter migrates southward. For many years the meadows about the Hackensack River, N. J., were greatly stocked with the rail. For a hunt it was necessary to employ shallow boats, and row among the narrow arms of the river, which being bordered by water-lilies, high salt grass, and "cat-tail," offered a fine retreat for the birds. They usually flit about the tops of the grass, and when started rise slowly and fly only a short distance, and that very awkwardly, keeping near the ground, and with the legs hanging. In running the rail raises its tail like the water-hen, and on the slightest alarm takes a short flight, and then endeavors to hide in the grass. It is the difficulty of shooting that gives so much zest to the sport, and a gunner can have no better "target" to practice at than a healthy, timid rail. The rail feeds on worms, grubs, and insects, and lays eggs of a beautiful cream color, spotted with purple and red.

The recent diking of the Hackensack meadows and the improvements that are now in progress, will soon put an end to rail-shooting in this once favorite locality.

Among the marvels of success in industrial enterprises of modern times must be ranked the Pacific Central Railroad. Fifty years ago such a scheme was regarded as absurd; twenty-five years ago it was regarded as the work of a century; ten years ago it was looked upon as the project of over-sanguine enthusiasts. It was vitally necessary to our California colonists, and they worked hard for it. Never was any peaceful undertaking of the same magnitude carried out with the same energy and rapidity. After it was completed, there were some who doubted if it could successfully be worked; others anticipated hostility from Indians; but all these shadows have been banished by two seasons of successful working of this road. The snow-sheds of the Sierra Nevada Mountain, of which we gave a special illustration last summer, have conquered the one difficulty, and the travel over the line is now larger than ever. The receipts of the Central Pacific Railroad (from Salt Lake west), we perceive, now range at about \$850,000 per month, and the road has hardly begun to make its influence felt. Every valley will yet develop its agricultural settlements, and almost every hill give forth its mineral treasures. California, the land of gold, wheat, wine, wool, and fruits, will fill up with a dense population, and the Central Pacific Railroad, like a huge umbilical artery, will become one of the mightiest and most productive enterprises in the world. The managers have only to continue their present enlarged policy to make it the tap-root of all our vast East and West lines—the mammoth corporation of the New World.

EVERY lady is interested in that which enhances her charms, or in any way beautifies her person, and a few remarks upon the elegant advent of the fall season in ladies' fashions may be acceptable. Our modistes are quickly securing a world-renowned prestige, and have proved themselves equal to their sisters of the late city of the world of fashion. The beautiful walking and evening suits in vogue are too numerous in material and design to enumerate, but to all ladies who desire to witness the perfection of artistic contribution, a visit to the favorite establishment of Altman Bros. & Co., Sixth Avenue, will be found profitable and enjoyable, while in other departments silks, satins, velvets, laces, embroideries, etc., are rich in merit and novelty. Sixth Avenue is already acknowledged to have claims which the prestige, display and grandeur of Broadway cannot counteract, and the leaders in fashion now make it a general resort. The reasonable prices, beautiful goods, excellent arrangements, and very handsome establishment of Altman Bros. & Co., are well worthy of the extensive and exclusive patronage extended them by well-known connoisseurs in dress and dress goods.

Several departments have been lately enlarged, and the whole establishment is rich in varied styles and designs in dress, fancy goods, bijouterie, etc., etc.

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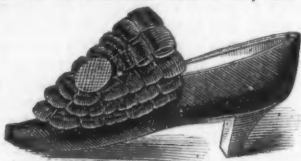
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51. Trumpet and Drum.....Rossini
52. Tubal Cain.....Russell
53. Twilight Dews.....
54. Voice of her I love.....Parry
55. Wait for the turn of the tide.....Clifton
56. Wake, darling, wake.....Wilson
57. Watcher, the.....Lardner
58. What'll be king but Charlie?.....Scotch
59. What need have I the truth to tell?.....Claribel
60. What will you do, love?.....Lover
61. We'd better hide a wee.....Claribel
62. We have lived and loved together.....Herz
63. We may be happy yet.....Balfie
64. We meet by chance.....Kucken
65. We meet.....Bayly
66. When love is kind.....Bishop
67. When stars are in the quiet.....Ball
68. When the swallows homeward fly.....Abt
69. When ye gang awa.....Scotch
70. Where is my sister dear?.....Linley
71. Where there's a will.....Saer
72. Whistle and I'll come to you.....Bruce
73. White-blossomed tree.....Musgrave
74. Why wandering here?.....Nathan
75. Will thou not smile upon me?.....Millard
76. Will thou say farewell, love?.....Moore
77. Wind thy horn, my hunter boy.....Bishop
78. Will you love me then as now?.....
79. Wings of a Dove.....Devereaux
80. Within a mile of Edinboro.....Scotch
81. Won't you tell me why, Robin?.....Claribel
82. Would you be young again.....Clippingdale
83. Yankee Doodle.....
84. You and I.....Claribel

COMIC.

- No. 153. A Motto for every man.....Hobson
154. All among the Hay.....J. Williams
155. Annette's Granny Dear.....Bayly
156. An old man would be wooing.....Candy
157. Bachelor's Hall.....Culver
158. Barney O'Hea.....Lover
159. Bashful young lady.....Glover
160. Beauty and Time.....Lover
161. Bell goes ringing for Sairah.....Hunt
162. Belles of Broadway.....Raymond
163. Better late than never.....Blockley
164. Boston Belles.....Raymond
165. Boothblack's Song.....Waverly
166. Brother the Fashion.....Butler
167. Bother the Men.....Walker
168. Bowld Sojer Boy.....Lover
169. Broken Down.....Sinclair
170. Bulls and Bears.....Pratt
171. Cackle, cackle, cackle.....Bagnell
172. Call her back and kiss her.....Clifton
173. Captain Jenks.....MacLagen
174. Champagne Charlie.....Lee
175. Chestnut street Belles.....Raymond
176. Clown in the Pantomime.....Pratt
177. Cruikshank Lawn.....Benedict
178. Da, da.....Lloyd
179. Dancing Darkey.....Moelselm
180. Dancing Fairy.....Waverly
181. Dashing White Sergeant.....Bishop
182. Dutchman's leetle wee dog.....
183. Early in the morning.....Mac
184. Fascinating Swell.....Van Hess
185. Fidgity Wife.....Covert
186. Flying Trapeze.....Raymond
187. Foreign Count.....Lloyd
188. Gay Cavalier.....Millard
189. Give a man a chance.....Batchelder
190. Good-by, John.....Pratt
191. Go it while you're young.....Waverly
192. Hamlet Prince of Denmark.....Raymond
193. Have patience till to-morrow.....Fase
194. Have you seen her lately?.....Tute
195. I really don't think I shall marry.....Gabrielle
196. I saw Esau.....Davies

- No. 157. I Will Stand by My Friend Bicknell
158. I'll Ask My Mother.....Earnshaw
159. I'll Tell Nobody.....
160. I'm Not Myself at All.....Lover
161. I'm O'er Young to Marry.....Lee
162. Irish Hussar.....Raymond
163. It's not the Miles we Travel.....Clifton
164. Jemima Brown.....Candy
165. Jog Along, Boys.....Nash
166. Ka-foozle-um.....Stewart
167. Kate Kearney.....Irish
168. Kitty Tyrrell.....Glover
169. Lancashire Lass.....Raymond
170. Laugh While You Can.....
171. Live in My Heart.....Lover
172. Love was Once a Little Boy.....
173. Merriest Girl that's Out.....Minasi
174. Matrimonial Sweets.....Freeman
175. My Daughter Fan.....Blewitt
176. My Son Tom.....Bayly
177. Motto for Every Man.....Hobson
178. Nellie Just Over the Way.....Millard
179. Norah McShane.....Blewitt
180. Not for Joseph.....Lloyd
181. Nothing Else to Do.....Hulton
182. Oh, You Pretty Blue-Eyed Witch.....Taylor
183. Old Simon, the Cellarer.....Hulton
184. One Good Turn Deserves Another, Edward Rankine
185. Paddle your Own Canoe.....Hobson
186. Pretty Girl Milking her Cow.....Irish
187. Pretty Jemima.....Belmont
188. Riding Down Broadway.....Andrews
189. Rolling Home in the Morning, Egerton
190. Romeo and Juliet.....Raymond
191. Sally, Sally.....Lover
192. Sports at Fire Island.....Raymond
193. School of Jolly Dogs.....Copeland
194. Tapping at the Garden Gate.....
195. The Way to be Happy.....Clifton
196. Those Tassels on the Boots, Raymond
197. Tommy Dodd.....
198. Tommy Noodle.....Steele
199. Up in a Balloon.....Raymond
200. Velocipedes Johnny.....Leander
201. Willie went A-wooling.....Raymond
202. Why Don't the Men Propose?.....Blewitt
203. Widow Machree.....Lover
204. Widow Mahoney.....Blewitt
205. Waltzing Down at Long Branch, Andrews
206. Where there's a Will there's a Way, Saer
207. Wait for the Turn of the Tide, Clifton

SACRED.

- No. 327. A Night Hymn.....J. Daniel
328. Beautiful Hope.....Bard
329. Ere this Vast World was Made, Bassford
330. Eve's Lamentation.....King
331. I Love to Hear my Saviour's Voice, Glover
332. In God We Trust.....Walker
333. Jerusalem, the Golden.....Claribel
334. Passing Bell.....

INSTRUMENTAL.

- No. 20. Arm in arm.....(Polka Mazurka,) Strauss
135. Blue-Bird Polka.....Rogers
136. Canary Waits.....Breckenridge
137. Cape May Schottische.....Rogers
138. Continental Schottische.....
139. Crescent City March.....
140. Drawing-Room Schottische, Douglass
141. Emma Mazurka.....Rogers
142. Euterpe Polka.....J. B. Taylor
143. Fairies' Frolic.....Sedgwick
144. Forest Fairy Polka.....Rogers
145. Genevieve Waltz.....Wiener
146. Gems from Orpheus, Violin and Piano.....Raymond
147. Gens-d'Arms duett, Violin and Piano.....Raymond
148. Go-ahead Galop.....A. S. Winkler
149. Guadalupe Waltz.....Offenbach
150. Half-Dime Schottische.....Winkler
151. Home, Sweet Home.....Richards
152. Ixion Galop.....Eolus
153. March of the silver trumpets, Viviani
154. Mary Emma Polka.....Rogers
155. Mabel Waltz.....Irving
156. Maud Waltz.....Laurent
157. Myrtle Schottische.....Wm. Millard
158. Nellie Waltz.....Denhoff
159. Olympic Schottische.....Dobson
160. Picnic Polka.....Rogers
161. Perichole's Letter.....Offenbach
162. Power of love.....Wade
163. Prairie-Rose Waltz.....Winkler
164. Reapers' Schottische.....Little
165. Rosalie Polka Mazurka.....
166. Sabre de mon pere.....J. Laurent
167. Silver Sparks Waltz.....Rogers
168. Sunset Galop.....Wilde
169. Sunshine Polka.....Winkler
170. St. Nicholas Galop.....Bailey
171. See the conquering hero comes, Handel
172. Skating-Rink Polka.....Weiner
173. Water-Lily Polka.....Rogers
174. Waverly Polka.....Sedgwick
175. Woodside Waltz and Polka.....Bailey

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